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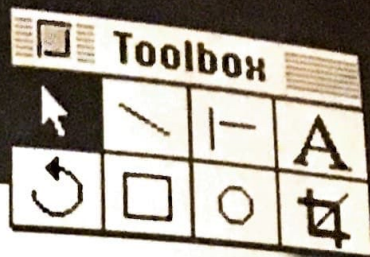
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**FRINGE WARE REVIEW** (ISSN 1069-5656) is published quarterly by FringeWare Inc., POB 49921, Austin TX 78765 USA. Annual subscription price: \$15 NorAm, \$30 library rate, US\$25 elsewhere. subscriptions begin with next issue after payment. This issue published 5nov95 in AustinTX/USA. Copyright©1995, FringeWare Inc. Compilation rights reserved by FWI, all other rights reserved by contributors. Trademarks, registered trademarks and service marks for products and services named are property of respective owners. See p.22 for submit info; all other correspondence becomes property of FWI. **Disincorporate Kudos:** Freeside Communications for tossing packets; Mark Bennett & Graphic Arts for beziers; Donnie & Penny @Kinko's (Austin/BurnetRd) for fibers/toner; Todd Webb Press for pressing engagements; Anathem/Enterprises for conspiracy research; CDNet, Smallworks & M2K for the hours; Alexandra & the New Bohemians for physpace; Flightpath for delicious jo & boardroom; Reign Of Toads for sincerest flattery; Fine Print for purging the sleaze; all the wunnerful humanoids who've participated in our electronic mailing list; and all our fringeful customers, subscribers, vendors & subvertizers for keeping us solvent. **Art Director:** I'd like to thank Jen Brady for putting up with me again, Karl Conrad & Mike McCarty for Hybrid Forms, Greg Veazy for research, Robert Watkins for territorial law, also John Carpenter for the Kaufman Lenses & all the explosives. **Editor:** Ed Cavazos, tiff, Ann Walther, Katie Hafner, Jenny Jopling, Tim Robb, Bill Barker, Don & Rosemary Carlata & MarkF & Gareth, Karin August, Will Kreth, ABRUPT, Dæw, Ivan Stang, Richard Kadrey, Eric Paulsen, Brad Martin, Bill Craig, Brooks Coleman, Shayla Hason, Jerod Pore & RSF @Factsheetfive. Edith Sorenson, Jeff Gorvettian, Machines Of Loving Grace, Mishka, Berecca & RVWhy. **Issue Editors:** thanks! to Bud Powell, Charlie Parker, Jamie Thompson, Sarah J. Hillam, Soundgarden, Dr. Caigari, Hunter S. Thompson, Charles & Maxon, Quatermass, Rick Moody & o' course Henry Miller (life as art & all that jazz), also Courtney Love for her general attitude... Erik Davis is writing a book and it's gonna be a great one...jonl sez there are no government solutions so keep this poltitix stuff in perspective, okay?



# FRINGE WARE



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welcome...

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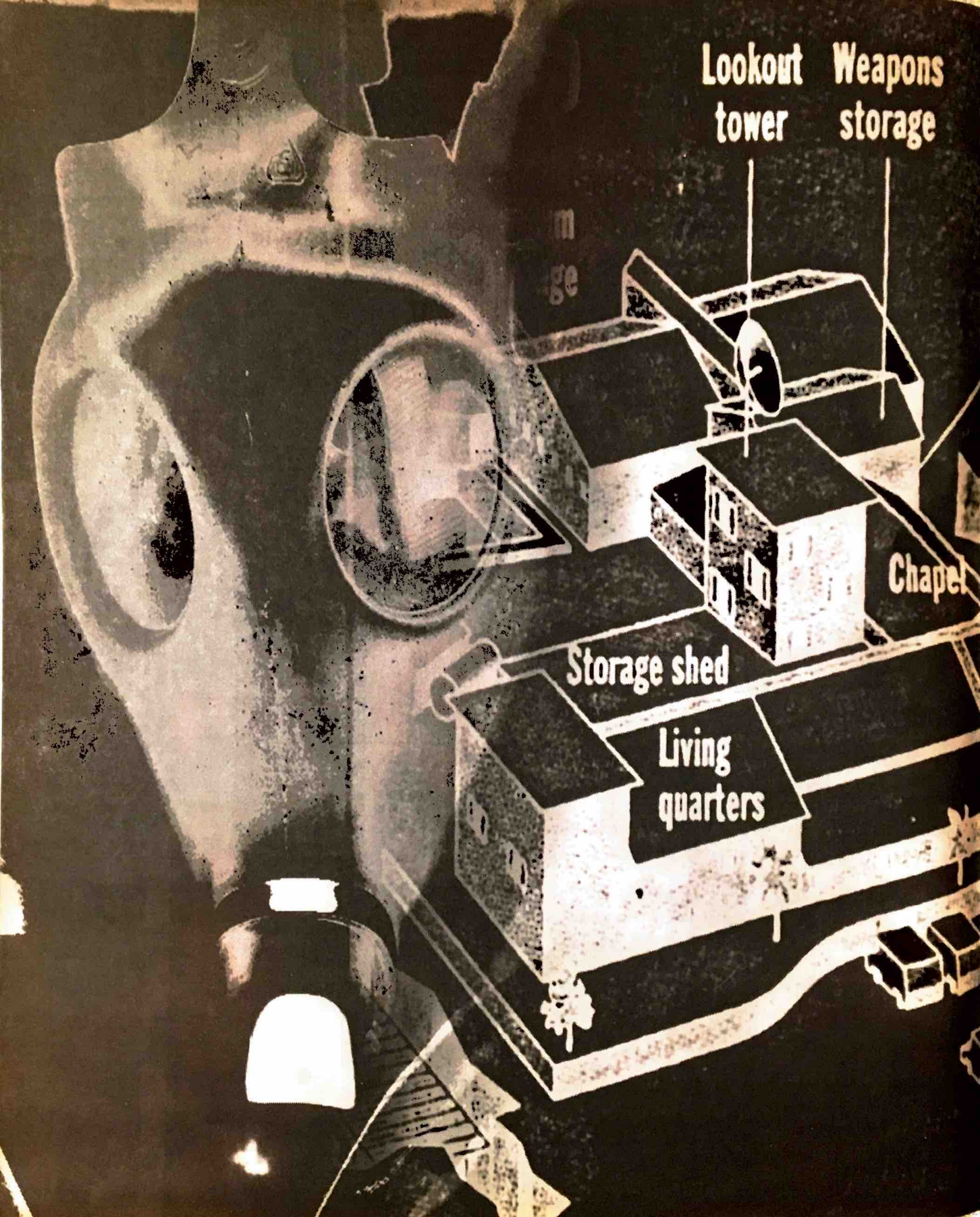
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# chaos politics!

by Jon Lebkowsky <jonl@well.com>

Conspiracy theorists and hack politicians both make the same mistake about politics, a failure to acknowledge and understand it as a product of chaotic forces that are beyond control by individuals, organizations, or institutions. Issues of power are short-lived relative to the long-term political evolution of global society that transcends the geographical and psychic boundaries of nation-states formed essentially to perpetuate arbitrary geopolitical divisions, to hoard resources for some over others. Politics is about hacking the social structure of reality and planting within the collective psyche memes the contents of which are divisive, superficial, illusory...suppositions rather than ideas. I suppose that you and I think alike because we're members of the same club, and we act in concert because "we're in this together" though, in reality, we might worlds apart in our thinking.

Political philosophy is fragmentary, in fact it ignores the whole in favor of the part, and tries like hell to suppress strange attractors. We've evolved far enough along toward a global consciousness, however, to see that chaotic principles that facilitate free development/evolution of life forms and favor entropy over entropy will also interpret oppression as damage and route around it. (This is a paraphrase of John Gilmore's statement about the Internet, which is a chaotic/anarchic system. John sez that **the Internet interprets censorship as damage and routes around it;** I'm taking the same principle from the Internet to Indra's net and applying it there...dig the parallel!)

If you look at it this way, hope makes a bit more sense than despair, though it requires a combination of faith, energy, filtering mechanisms to separate the

shit from the bullshit. The very threads which FWI weaves into its projects.

As I write this, politics in America has taken what seems to be an ugly turn. Given the "advances" in digital and plastic media, show biz has mitigated the collective unconscious as the source of dreams, and the chaotic attractors at the gestation of show biz projects have some form of spiritual indigestion causing nightmares. Hollywood's been vomiting a steady stream of blood violence, embracing thanatos and suppressing the erotic which is, I suppose, what you'd do in a Death Culture. Alternative Cultures are no longer offering alternatives per se; rather, they're dishing up grotesque reflections of the mainstream culture. Communities are fragmenting, stimulants are proliferating, confusion is the rule. And I say there's hope? that we should keep the faith?

You bet. What you're seeing is not just death culture, but the death of a culture that's done its thing. Oppressive measures within "law" and "politics" represent the death throes of the phoenix, and I say ignore it, concentrate on what's rising from the ashes.

It's been over a year since the ATF and FBI raided the Branch Davidian compound in Waco and, hopefully inadvertently, burned it to the ground. (The belief's still widespread that David Koresh and followers set those fires, but by the time you read this you'll probably have heard otherwise...I just read an excerpt from Dick Reavis' work in progress, a comprehensive volume on the Branch Davidian incident, wherein he presents solid evidence suggesting that flames resulted from CS tear gas ferrets lobbed into the compound.)



NB: for those who've enjoyed Jonl's work here, this'll be his last issue with FWR. Jonl, we wish you all the best in your new projects, and we'll miss you around here. Meanwhile, drop him a note at: [jonl@well.com](mailto:jonl@well.com)

Reavis explains how the initial botched raid was politically-motivated, and how the ongoing partnership of politics, deceit, and gonzo religion led to the nightmarish death scene at Mt Carmel.

For many, the credibility of the US Government was trashed. A few saw not tragically inept attempts to control the uncontrollable, but a malevolent conspiracy of the US Government against its citizens. This is bullshit, of course, and it depends on one of those half-baked memes to which we alluded earlier... the concept of a monolithic government that's *together enough* to conspire. In fact, what we call "the government" is actually a chaotic system of distributed nodes each of which holds some combination of power and information but none of which is particularly well-integrated with the whole. Bureaucracies which form our administrative government are far more anarchic than they seem, and far less likely to act in concert. When something like the Branch Davidian fiasco occurs, it's usually because one or a few individuals screwed up at their level of responsibility, and when that happens you can hang it on a lack of leadership at some, perhaps the highest, level, but it's important to understand how difficult it is to turn this 18-wheeler on a dime.

With some vague sense of the Fed government as a malevolent entity, a group of militia-trained lame-brains with a pretty good understanding of explosives blew up the Fed building in Oklahoma City. Not the first anarchist bombing in this country, but certainly the worst. For the perpetrators, the folks working in that building, even the children in the day care center, represented an *evil empire*, a threat to individual liberty, a threat to be destroyed. Start with a warning, a huge bomb planted in the heartland, and proceed from there. This is a simplistic, insane response to a very real concern, a feeling that the world and "the government" are *out of control*, coupled with a conflicting sense that someone somewhere must be *in control*.

A more complex, intellectualized response to the same sense might be the preachments of Noam Chomsky, who alludes to an institutionalized project to dumb down the general populace through a bogus system of public education, and to manipulate the zombies through mass media. He describes this as though it were conspiracy, not of government, but of

corporations, appearing to subscribe to the current phantasy (à la Cyberpunks, et al.) that corporations are new forms of government, that they rule at a higher level than the public political governmental forms. I'd have to agree with Chomsky that institutions have involved the inherent tendencies which he describes, but it's important to separate forces within institutions from any supposition of willful, conscious conspiracy of individuals.

I would have the same problem with any conspiracy theory that I have with the militias' delusions of Fed conspiracy: no conspiracy actually exists because the center can't hold. In my world I see how no two people can easily hold a simple marriage together, so why should we imagine that corporations the size of nations can conspire within themselves to hold a conspiracy together? In fact, corporations are, like governments, collections of fairly anarchic nodes which are often in conflict, and each corporation may be in conflict with other corporations, and it's hard to derive *empire* from all this.

If fact, how many true *empires* have you seen in the contemporary world? What we historically refer to as empires were tiny compared to our largest cities, and they were held together in the context of several commonalities... geographical, experiential, theological, ontological... which engendered a sense of fundamental unity that's lacking in any postmodern *organizations*. In fact, the very media which Chomsky critiques as a tool of corporate control of the masses undermines any sense of organization, and the widespread proliferation of media jammers from various subversive subcultures create an underground anarchic intellectual climate that spills memes all over media channels, contributing to an absolute cynicism about manipulative *hype*. This is hopeful, it promises a disorienting political and cultural fragmentation that'll force us all to concentrate on the real business of living with the humility implicit in an understanding that *nobody owns anybody*. Even Bill Gates'll have problems in this regard.

To paraphrase hackmeister John Gilmore's statement about the Net: new cynical cultures of diversity will interpret attempts at government or corporate conspiracy as *damage* and route around 'em. And in that there's real hope for a sane world folding inward from the Fringes.





# precursory #9 rant

by Jim Thompson <jim@fringeware.com>

The original theme for #9 was "Politics, Religion and Sex", the three things one is to **refrain from discussing in polite company**. To this mix, jonl added "Food". With 20/20 hindsight, consumption unites the players, playing a discernible baseline.

At the time, we had no clue that someone was about to concoct a fatal brew of ammonium nitrate and diesel fuel. Issue #8 was at press, including the piece on the Waco survivors.

Years ago, I would wonder out-loud why we haven't seen more terrorism in these here United States of Amerika. Perhaps we've always had it, but our desire to sleep at night keeps **the whole bleeding mess suppressed** in our mass consciousness.

As we are going to press, something calling itself "Unabomber" has managed to get 35,000 words published in a large newspaper, spreading its chosen meme via a media-machine all too hungry for blood and gore.

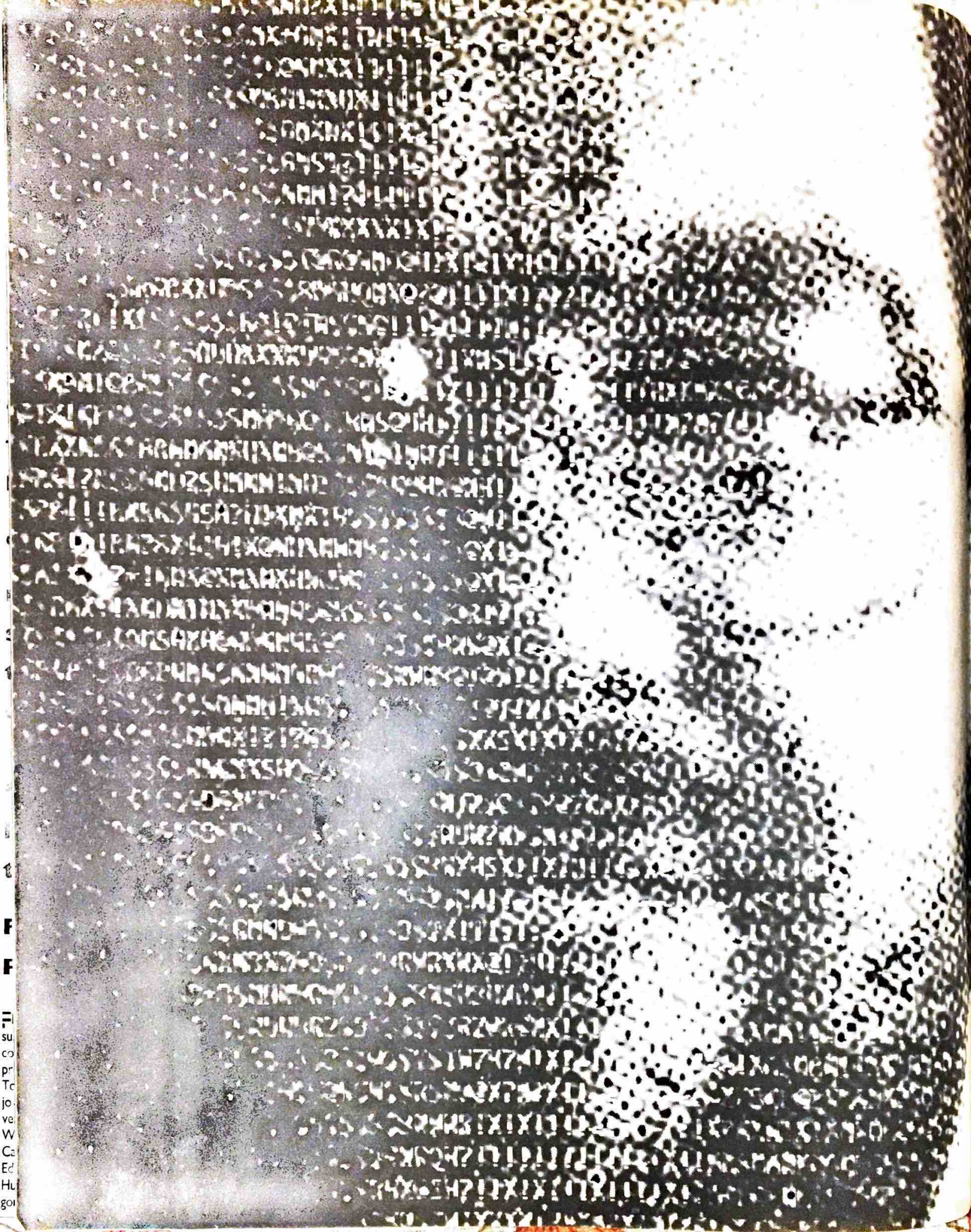
Le Unabombreur has promised to stop making hamburger out of a few university professors, and, more to the point, several hundred souls on some random departure from LAX. Structure hits are still allowed.

For me, I'd rather the Unabomber dedicate his considerable talent to denuding a different FBI/BATF/CIA/NSA/IRS coven every 60 days or so. The current instantiation of our US gvmnt has become far too willing to stick its nose far enough up our collective ass to determine just what was served for dinner last night.

There, I've invited **colostomy via satellite**. Hey Sam, let me know about any polyps, OK?









# Infostoryscope: the Internet Code Ring, Phil Zimmerman i/v

by Jon Lebkowsky <jonl@well.com>

What might've been different about the Cold War had the Internet evolved 20 years earlier? Because PGP was placed on the Internet, it inevitably found its way to many parts of the world. It was, in effect, "exported" without reference to Phil's volition or anyone else's. We revisit PGP now for several reasons, one being that Zimmermann faces indictment because his code leaked across US borders. Second, Phil's source code and his manual for PGP have been published by MIT as two separate books; John Perry Barlow offered FWR the opportunity to reprint his intro to the manual. Third, it's my feeling that the debate about encryption is stagnant and unresolved. It's about the tension between freedom and security, and we still don't have consensus that one supersedes the other. Never will, I'm sure, which is what makes this an interesting topic.

From the WWW page featuring the overview of Phil Z's case: <http://www.netresponse.com/xldf/phil-overview.html> — "If indicted, Phil would likely be charged with violating statute 22 USC 2778 of the US Code, "Control of arms exports and imports." This is the federal statute behind the regulation known as ITAR, "International Traffic in Arms Regulations," 22 CFR 120.1 et seq. of the Code of Federal Regulations. Specifically, the indictment would allege that Phil violated 22 USC 2778 by exporting an item listed as a "munition" in 22 CFR 120.1 et seq. without having a license to do so. That item is cryptographic software—PGP.

"At stake, of course, is far more than establishing whether Phil violated federal law or not. The case presents significant issues and will establish legal precedent, a fact known to everyone involved. According to his lead counsel, Phil Dubois, the US Government hopes to establish the proposition that anyone having anything at all to do with an illegal export—even someone like Phil, whose only involvement was writing the program and making it available to US citizens and who has no idea who actually exported it—has committed a federal felony offense. The government also hopes to establish the proposition that posting a "munition" on a BBS or on the Internet is exportation. If the government wins its case, the judgment will have a profound chilling effect on the US software industry, on the free flow of information on the emerging global networks, and in particular upon the grassroots movement to put effective cryptography in the hands of ordinary citizens. **The US Government will, in effect, resurrect Checkpoint Charlie—on the Information Superhighway**—over the fact that PGP was transmitted outside the United States, i.e. piped over the global Internet. Since the government classes strong encryption tools as "munitions", the export of PGP is considered a crime. At this writing no indictment has been delivered, and since Zimmermann contends that he created the code but did not ship it to other countries, there may be none."

**FWR:** I spent some time recently on the Cypher-punks list, and I have a pretty good sense of what's going on, but maybe you can tell me in your own words how you came to write PGP, and what your philosophy is, especially with distribution.

**PZ:** Well, okay. PGP, which means "Pretty Good Privacy", is a public key encryption program. It uses a public key encryption algorithm, which means you can encrypt messages and send them to people you've never met, with whom you've never had a chance to exchange keys over a secure channel. In regular encryption—the kind everybody's heard

about—you encrypt a message, which scrambles it up, renders it unintelligible. Then you send it to someone else. They can descramble it, decrypting it, but they must use the same key to decrypt as you used to encrypt.

Well, this is a problem, this is inconvenient, because how are you going to tell them what that key is? What're you going to do, tell them over the telephone? If someone can intercept the message, they can intercept the key. This has been the central problem in cryptography for the past couple of millennia. There've been a lots of different ways of encrypting

Excerpted from a '93 i/v; complete source at [gopher.well.com](http://gopher.well.com), in the Hacking menu: We're sitting on the floor at the CFP conf, Mar 93 in SF: St. Jude & I with Tom Jennings, Fen La Balme, et al., discussing encryption and other neophilic rants when a dapper fellow wandered by. He picked up Jude's BOING-BOING #10 and glanced thru it, clearly interested. I later learned this'd been Phil Z, creator of PGP, so I tracked him down and we talked for the record...



information, but all face this problem: if you had a secure channel for exchanging keys, why do you need any cryptography at all?

In the late 70s, somebody came up with an idea for encrypting with two keys. You use one key to encrypt a message, and the other to decrypt it. As a matter of fact, these keys have a kind of yin-yang relationship, so either can decrypt what the other can encrypt. The keys are mathematically related...they can be split apart like cracking a coin in half, where the jagged edges stick together just right.

So everybody randomly generates a pair of these keys: they can publish one and keep the other secret. Unlike cracking a coin in half, you can't look at one jagged edge and determine how the other jagged edge looks. In fact, you can't look at the published key and

figure out what the secret key is without spending centuries of supercomputer time. This means any time anybody wants to send you a message, they can encrypt that message with your public key, then you decrypt it with your secret key. If you want to reply, you encrypt with their public key, which they decrypt with their secret key. Everybody's published key ends up in a big public key directory, much like a phone book or BBS. You can look up somebody's public key, encrypt a message to them, and send it. They're the only people who can read it, because they know the corresponding secret key.

**fwr:** Are there any such directories now?

**pz:** Well, actually, there are starting to be. For PGP, there are some public key directories on Internet. You can just send an electronic inquiry saying "Give me

# PGP Source Code and Internals

by Darick Chamberlin <drogue@eskin.com>

I have the thing here on my desk, hulking all metallics and navy blue and idle beneath a \$10 gooseneck lamp. Practically the size of a shallow box containing a live gaboon viper or maybe a single undamaged Space Shuttle nosecone tile, stolen from top-secret Challenger residue vaults. Shy of something like this, though, it doesn't look like the kind of thing that belongs on or even near an official Federal Munitions List. It's a book, after all.

Books can be dangerous, especially lots of them all at once. Weighing in at 890+ pgs, not counting the Function Index, it does look big enough to cause injury. My understanding of statistical probability is at least as weak as my grasp of the language this book is written in, but with that many pages there must be a real danger along the way of papercuts or something, not to mention astigmatism that await the eyes that try to read, let alone review, this massive condensation of characters and commands.

MIT Press has done the free world the good service of creating a lustrous, timely print edition of the source code and "internals" for Philip Zimmerman's controversial PGP program. We're still the United States of America, at least for a little while yet, and in this country a person or group of persons can, in theory, publish anything he, she or they want. Even the very code, command by command, character by character, of a software program already freely dis-

tributed (you can find it on the Internet) yet targeted for elimination by the Government Itself, at its uppermost levels of central control.

Mr. Zimmerman, in his courteous and easily digested preface, apologizes for the "inelegance" of the code. I have to take his word, as I am not even remotely C-literate. Starting at p.1 and just flowin' mighty—without a single illustration, mind you—straight through to p.895 is a riverrun of commands in a tiny font I think I recognize as Courier. Apparently, Mr. Zimmerman intends any computer equipped with OCR (Optical Character Recognition) capabilities to do the same. Thus, even if the bad guys succeed in making PGP a contraband, we'll still be able to have it, or get to it.

No level-headed citizen of any community, no-mad or national, should be too fond of traitors. But communication itself, the obvious fabric of the future, must not be hijacked by sniffers and snoops and digital weasel-programs, Clipper Chipping all the way down into the fragile bands of binaries inside your PC.

So I guess I'm saying: "C'mon, America! It's just a book! But clearly, not just a book. Remember R2-D2, in *STAR WARS*? *When it came to PGP, R2-D2 was The Man.* Precisely because information always matters. You never know. Using it will be what it's all about."



the key for [somebody]," and it'll send you their key back, their public key.

**FW:** The convention I've seen has been the inclusion of the public key in an email message posted to a mailing list.

**PZ:** You can do that, you can include your own public key when you send a message to someone, so when they reply, they'll know which public key to use. But there is an Achilles' heel with public key cryptography—I'll get to in a minute. First, let me explain authentication. If I want to send you a message, and prove it came from me, I can encrypt with my own secret key, then send you the message, which you decrypt with my public key. Remember I said the keys are in a yin-yang relationship, so that either can decrypt what the other encrypts. If I didn't care about secrecy, if I only cared about authentication, if I only wanted to prove that the message came from me, I could encrypt the message with my own secret key and send it to you, which you could decrypt with your public key.

Well, anyone else could decrypt it too, because everyone has my public key. Now, to combine the features of secrecy and authentication, I can do both steps: I can encrypt the message first with my own secret key, thereby creating a signature, then encrypt it again with your public key. You reverse those steps: first you decrypt it with your secret key, then you decrypt that with my public key. That's a message which only you can read and only I could've sent. We combine secrecy and authentication. You can also convince third parties, e.g. a judge, that the message came from me. So I could send you a financial instrument, a legal contract, or some kind of binding agreement. The judge will believe that the message came from me, because I'm the only person with the secret key to create that message.

Now, about the Achilles' heel... Suppose you want to send a message to someone, and you look up their public key on a BBS. You take their public key, you encrypt the message and send it to them; presumably only they can read it. But what if Ollie North broke into that BBS system? ...substituted his own public key for the public key of your friend ...left your friend's name on it, so it looked as if it still belonged to your friend. But it really wasn't your friend's public key, it was Ollie's public key which he'd created just for this purpose.

So then you send a message, possibly through that same BBS, encrypted with what you think is your friend's public key, but it's Ollie's public key instead. Ollie intercepts the message, which only he

can read it because he knows the emplaced secret key. If he were particularly clever—which Ollie North isn't because we all know how he forgot to delete those White House backup tapes...but suppose he were clever—he would then re-encrypt the decrypted message, using your friend's stolen key, and forward it on to your friend so that nothing seemed amiss. This is the Achilles' heel of public key cryptography: all public key encryption packages worth anything invest a tremendous amount of effort to solve this problem. Probably half the lines of code in the program are dedicated to solving this one problem, which PGP solves by allowing third parties, mutually trusted friends, to sign keys. That proves they came from whom they claimed.

Suppose you wanted to send me a message, and you didn't know my public key, but you did know George's public key over here, because George handed you his public key on a floppy. I publish my public key on a BBS, but before I do, I have George sign it, just like he signs any other message. Now, when you download my key and it show George's signature on it, that constitutes a promise by George that the key belongs to me. He signs the whole shootin' match.

You can check George's signature because you have his public key. If you trust him not to lie, you can believe it really is my public key, and if Ollie North breaks into the BBS, he can't make it look like his key is my key, because he doesn't know how to forge a signature from George. This is how public key encryption solves the problem, and in particular, PGP solves it by allowing you to designate anyone as a *trusted* introducer.

The US Government currently promotes public key encryption packages based on a standard called *Privacy Enhanced Mail*. PEM's architecture has a central certification authority that signs everybody's public key. If everyone trusts the central authority to sign keys not lie, then everyone can trust the key they have to be good. It actually belongs to the attached name. But a lot of people, especially the libertarian-minded, don't feel comfortable with an approach requiring them to trust a central authority. **PGP allows grassroots distributed trust, where you get to choose who you trust.** It more closely follows the social structures people are used to. You tend to believe your friends.

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# A Pretty Bad Problem

by John Perry Barlow <barlow@eff.org>

I love irony, and there lies in this book an irony as striking as any I know. It is this: that a computer program with the cute li'l ol' name of Pretty Good Privacy, written by an apparently unformidable gnome on a tight budget, now terrifies a security monolith that required half a century, uncounted billions of dollars, and the collective IQ's of a few thousand geniuses to develop.

This book and the software it describes, as brief and modest as its author, could very well be the root tendril that will grow into the National Security State and shatter it. If that is true, it's probably only a little hyperbolic to claim that you are holding a work as liberating as *Common Sense*, or, viewed through another set of bunker slits, as socially disruptive as *Mein Kampf*.

That doubtless sounds like a pretty disruptive statement itself, but it's not unconsidered. It seems to me that the combination of distributed digital technology and robust encryption has brought informatized society to a very sharp balance point between two lousy choices. On one side lies a technological foundation upon which the most massive totalitarianism could be built. On the other is a jungle in which any number of anarchic guerrillas might hide, upon whom little order could ever be imposed.

Assuming I'm not simply raving here, what leads me to this conclusion? Have things really gotten this weird? I honestly believe they may have.

At present most of us unwittingly leave a highly visible and nearly indelible trail in Cyberspace. Every time we make a modern financial transaction, use the telephone, send an email message, we leave a path of bits from which anyone who's interested and properly equipped can assemble the detailed informational ghosts of our naked selves. If you have something you'd rather hide, don't hide it there.

Furthermore, the tools of surveillance are becoming far more sophisticated and conducive to centralization. Massive pattern recognition engines can be applied to the Net from, say, Washington, DC or Beijing, and specifically tuned to recognize certain kinds of activities. Or even beliefs.

Any government that can automatically generate an intimate profile of every one of its citizens is a government endowed with a potential for absolute

power that will eventually, to use Lord Acton's phrase, corrupt absolutely. Few civil liberties are likely to survive such capacities in the hands of the increasingly panicky authoritarians who run the embattled old bureaucracies of the Meat World.

Worse, their panic may be justified. An equally apprehensive and growing lot of cyber-libertarians now have at their disposal tools as unbalancingly powerful in their power to conceal as are the other side's in the service of revelation. One of these sabots goes by the mild name of Pretty Good Privacy.

**Any number of citizens armed with PGP and such of its relations as digital cash and anonymous Net remailers can simply vanish from the governmental radar.** They are at greater liberty than ever before to conduct any endeavor, including something that, as Phil frankly puts it at the beginning of this book, "shouldn't be illegal, but is." They can exempt themselves from taxes and yet maintain precise accounting records. In many ways, they can effectively resign from the community of the governed and enter a condition in which their actions are ordered by conscience and culture alone.

And we may get a chance to find out just how well these are going to work as the primary templates for social order. There is no question that the patterns of unwritten code that arise from culture can work when the society in question is small, simple, or highly homogeneous.

For example, I come from a part of Wyoming where something like the Code of the West is still more important than the law or its instruments. It works pretty well. I don't have a key to my house, and through many years in the cattle business, I signed few contracts and was never knowingly cheated.

Something similar obtains in Japan, a much larger and more complex society which is nevertheless monocultural enough to resist chaos far more by general consent than by any order that police might enforce. And it is nearly crime free.

The emergent social orders of both Japan and Wyoming strongly support the idea that a less legalistic approach to the vicissitudes of life among the humans will work. What is less well known is whether it is possible to return to such a condition and



JPB ran parallel careers as a rancher, lyricist for the Grateful Dead & net.visionary, and he cofounded the Electronic Frontier Foundation with Mitch Kapor others. This is his foreword to MIT's publication of Phil Zimmermann's The Official PGP User's Guide, which has been published more or less simultaneously with the source code.



<http://www.eff.org/~barlow/barlow.html>

FRINGE WARE REVIEW



The Official PGP  
User's Guide by Philip  
R. Zimmermann,  
published 1995 by  
MIT Press, is avail-  
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whether truly diverse societies, such as we have in America, can be ordered primarily by cultural norms.

Present evidence from both the former Soviet Union and the former Yugoslavia is not so promising. After 70 years of the most heroic efforts to force order by imposed regulation, the great iron lid is off. And it is no Rousseauvian paradise to which the Russians have returned. They appear to be governed less by ethics than by criminals who would probably govern better if they *were* organized. Meanwhile the Balkans have returned to a state of tribal bloodshed that indicates that a strong sense of community, as expressed in cultural immune response, can be more disruptive than ordering.

But what are the choices? Do we allow matters to continue along their present technological trajectory, eventually endowing our government (and practically any marketing organization) with a magnifying window into the least of our lives? Do we allow ourselves to become intimately vulnerable to faceless bureaucracies to whom we will be incredibly well known yet remain faceless ourselves? We have gone too far that way already. But what can prevent a further tumble toward that dark horizon?

Do we try to hide our trails behind laws (favored by Europeans) that would define what might be the appropriate contents for a database? **Do we endow government with the ability to define forbidden knowledge?** I don't have much enthusiasm for this solution, which sounds to me rather like having a Peeping Tom install one's window blinds. I do not trust government with the ability to regulate information, especially information that contains within it such a long lever of control as those things about yourself you'd rather no one knew.

There are always special circumstances—grave matters of national security, they will insist—in which it will seem obvious to our guardians that the sanctity of such laws is secondary to the greater public interest. Indeed, this is how we have been doing things in America for a long time. The Bill of Rights continues to apply only when the government feels no pain from its application.

It's a tough choice, but I think I would prefer to give people the means to control their own information. I think it is best that this virus of liberty is loose on the Net.

I would prefer to let my fellow citizens detach their economic transactions from their identities, despite the looming possibility that an anonymous economy will consider taxes voluntary. I would even rather extend to people the general condition of anonymity, hoping they will not use it much, knowing

that without identity, there is little impetus for responsibility, and that without responsibility, the Social Contract is abrogated.

While I have focused so far on the ability of PGP to conceal, it is the area of identity that this software may make its most positive contribution. Even as digital technology can make us too visible, the absence of real bodies places a garment of ambiguity on everyone who interacts on the Net. **If community requires identity, what is to be done about the ease by which the virtual can take on one another's identities?**

To this dilemma, PGP provides an unambiguous solution: digital signature. Using the signing techniques enabled here, you can send and receive files with great assurance that they were generated by their purported authors and that their contents have not been altered. Once you are in the habit of authenticating your own words, no one may pretend to speak or act as you. You can be assured that you will only have to be responsible for your own actions and not the misdeeds of some phantom wearing your name.

For the rest of what PGP enables, ambivalence is the only appropriate response. Still, I would at least rather everyone know how to use the tools whose operation this book describes, though I fervently hope they will be somewhat circumspect about actually using them. Just as an armed populace may be more resistant to certain excesses of governmental zeal, so might a populace armed with the ultimate defensive weapon, the ability to disappear, countervail against the all-seeing electronic eye.

We had best be armed with *something*. It seems certain to me that any government that can see everything we do all the time will sooner or later feel compelled to add omnipotence to omniscience, which are, in the Virtual Age, much the same thing anyway.

Maybe we will feel compelled to start using them. Maybe there will be anarchy, maybe even chaos. But chaos at least has an open architecture. Chaos has always been the native home of the infinitely possible. And among the possibilities I imagine is that human beings will turn out to be better, less paranoid, less worthy of inspiring paranoia, than many of us think.

In the end, it doesn't matter much what they think or I think. The genie of guerrilla cryptography is out of the bottle. No one, not even its maker, can stuff it back in or keep it within what America laughably calls its borders. The genie is all over the Net. It's in your hands as you hold this zine. Summon it with a conscience. But be prepared to summon it if you must.



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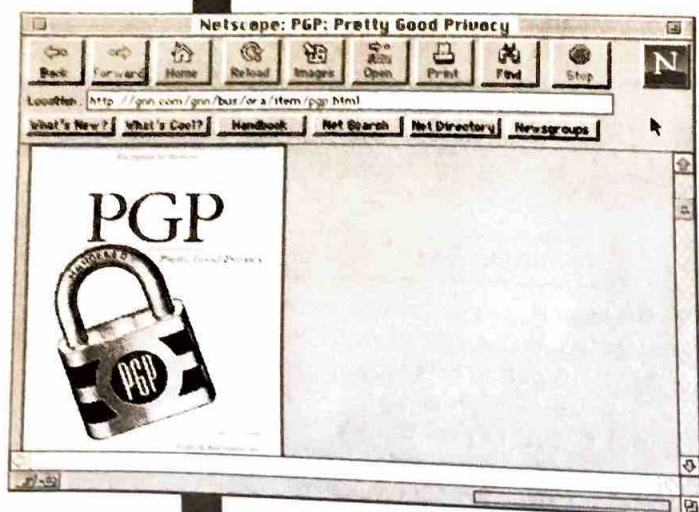
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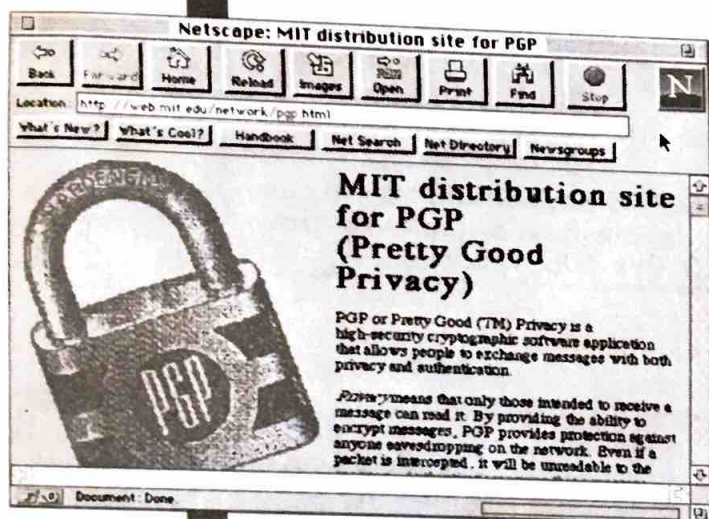
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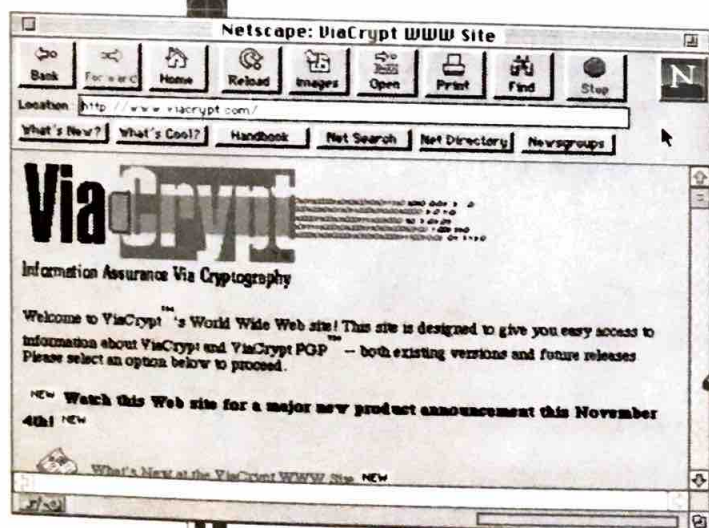
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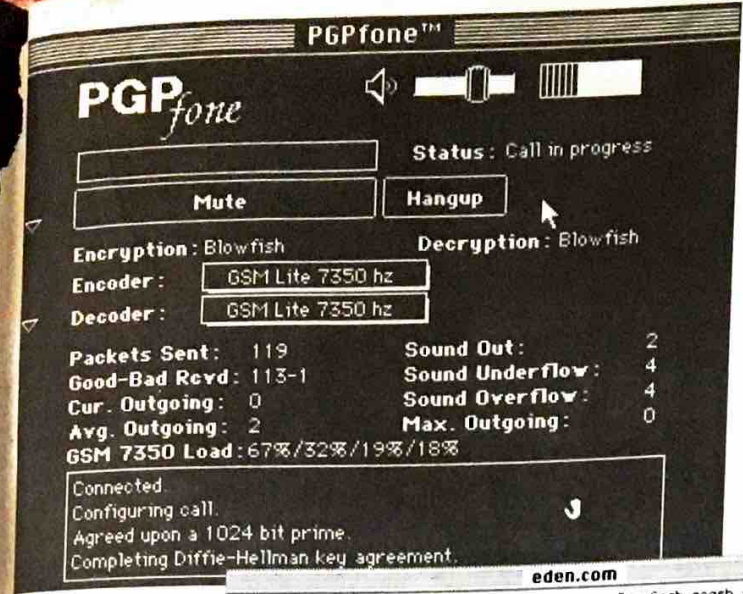
*"I'm not even gonna mess with switching to AT&T, unless They carry the Sci-Fi Channel..."*

*-DJ DMZ*

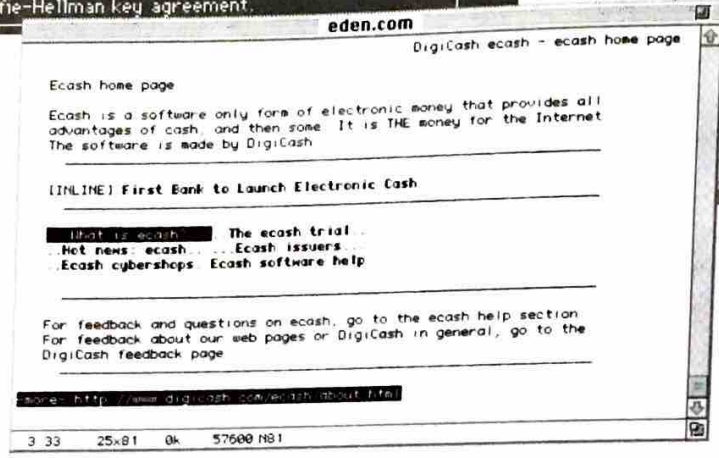
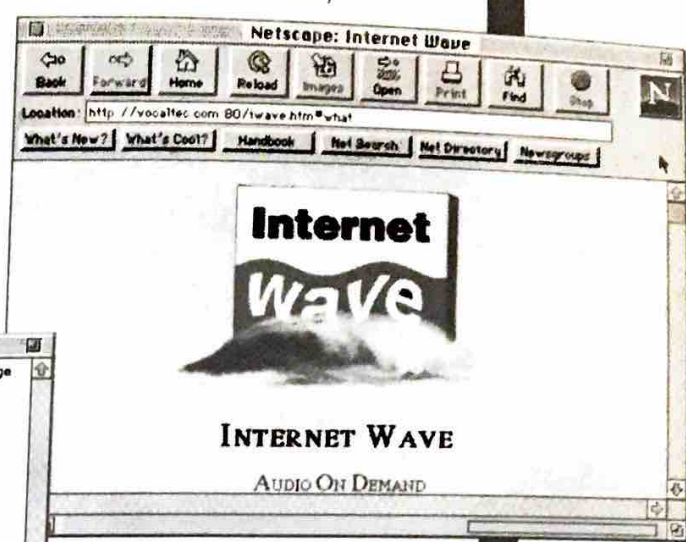
COINTEGRATION

by Paco Xander Nathan <pacoide@ingware.com>



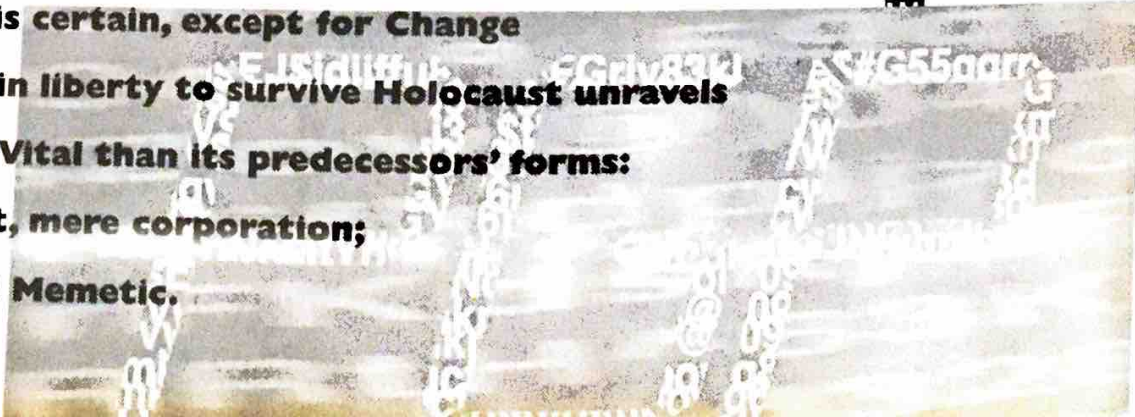


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incorporation encroaches upon governance, Engulfing friend and foe  
“Utility” is the name given to those which sprawl most necessary  
to Them, you are alternatively prey or virus  
Mediums grow fluid, intertwingling, exchange  
striving in the legacy of governance’s medial Anachronisms,  
incorporation consumes peers to gain Power and necessity  
to these your Needs chart pathways...  
into a trap as large as the World on which we stand  
nothing is free, nothing is certain, except for Change  
that monster conceived in liberty to survive Holocaust unravels  
enmeshing evolves more Vital than its predecessors’ forms:  
such as Mere government, mere corporation;  
but falls prey to the Viral Memetic.

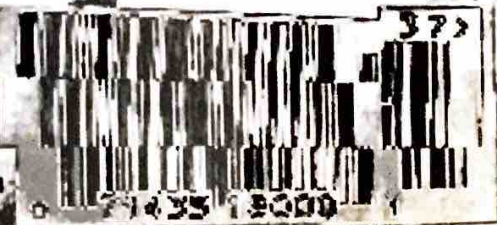
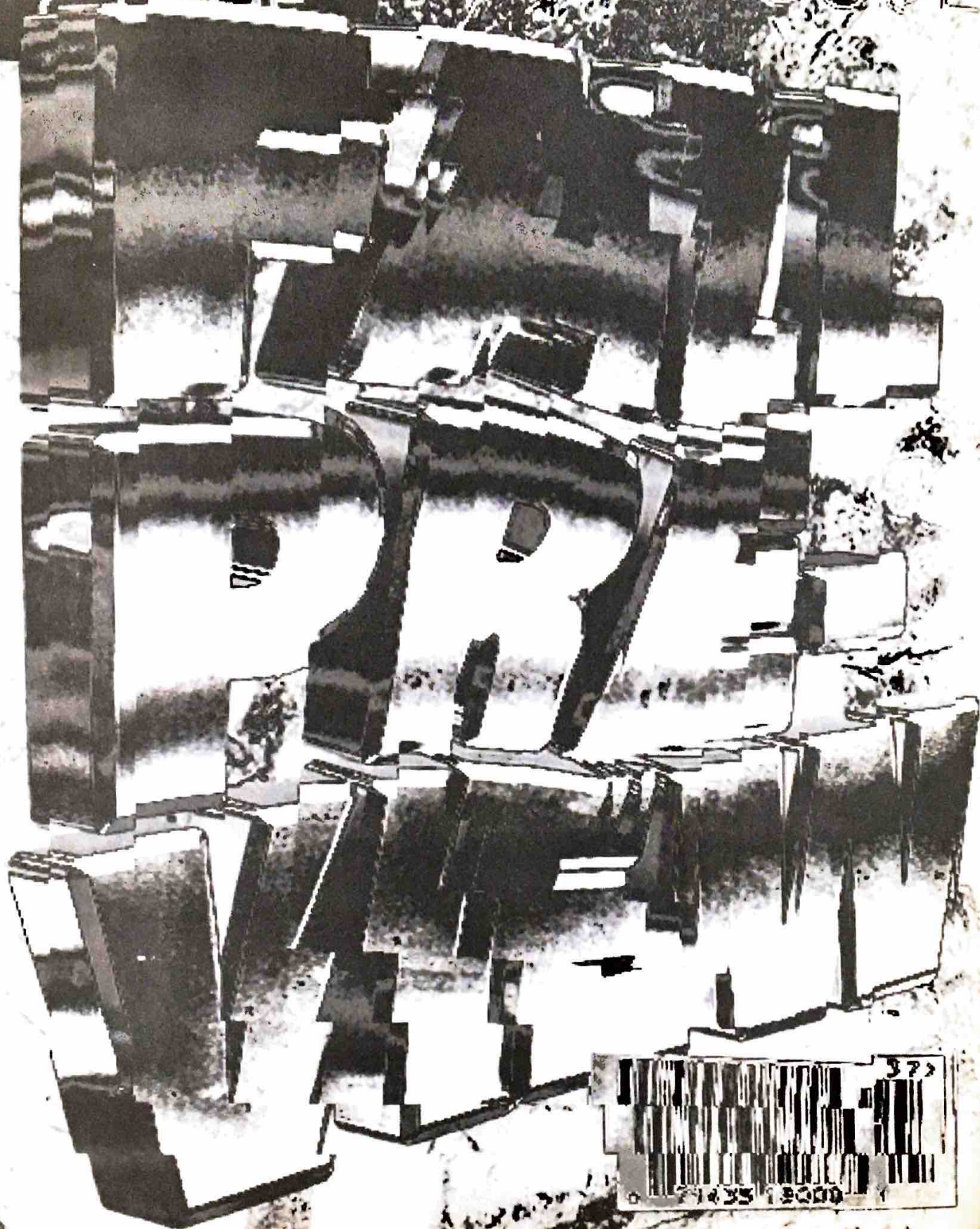
WAKE REVIEW





TV  
GUIDE

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ISSUE





# The Revolution Will Not Be Televised

by Erika Whiteway <outrider@fringeware.com>

"Mendacity," says Big Daddy in Tennessee Williams' "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof", "I can't stand mendacity." And his son, Brick, says, "Mendacity is the system under which we live."

Mendacity: *Lies*. We live under a carefully crafted system of lies—lies which have nurtured the media from pabulum-puking infancy to *e.coli*-tainted-fast-food adulthood, so many lies that We The People have become non-believers, non-participants who are distanced, desperate and short on hope. Who among us is not angry? Fearful? Struggling to varying degree? Of course no one in our mendacious government has no idea what to about the fact that approximately 70% of us distrust the government. That's the highest percentage *ever*, higher, even, than during the Watergate scandal or the Iran-Contra hearings. Yeah, we're fed up with the Feds alright, and with the State of States and the entire political infrastructure.

The logical question then is, Why do the same tired old-fart politicians keep getting elected? And of the few new officials who manage to make it to higher office, why are their actions so similar to those of their predecessors?

Answer: The fix is on, the game is fouled beyond We The People's ability to change it according to the rules.

Certain People are happy as hell: they are in the CIA; they own the banks, the corporations, the unregulated and unaccountable mortgage-lending companies and credit-reporting agencies who can make or break the average person's quest for a piece of the pie; they import the illegal drugs and make lots of tax-free money; they sell bombs to Iran and cut Henry Kissinger's filet mignon into itsy-bitsy bite-size pieces at the monthly dinner meeting of the Enterprise group (the secret real government) and they all think their castles of sand will last forever.

Can you say "revolution"?

I can—and do, quite frequently, too. But They not only can't say it, the mere thought of it is too damn scary. That's why They, in the guise of the ATF, whipped up the Waco disaster: It was a warning to all of us who see the government as the primary threat to

our "pursuit of happiness" that we better not get too uppity or fringeoid. And the whole gun control/anti-crime agenda is just an attempt to play our fears against ourselves in an attempt to disarm us entirely and institute a police state. Sure, England doesn't have all those guns floating around, but we are not England—we are precisely and completely the antithesis of England, if anyone remembers a minor event in our history called the American Revolution. And the gooberment doesn't make comparisons between America and other countries when it comes to drug use laws, for example; the gooberment only uses examples when it suits Their agenda. And their primary agenda is to make us all knuckle under, to tame the revolutionary spirit that this country is founded on. Besides, a revolution would really mess up campaign strategies and ruin the power lunches, not to mention that all those senators and representatives would lose their great health and retirement benefits

Revolution is what happens in other countries, not here. Most Americans cannot conceive that this land-o'-the-free-if-you-got-the-bucks could be torn by civil war. Again. Yes, "those who do not learn from history are condemned to repeat it" and since the average person in this country doesn't know much history to begin with they will either be *in* the revolution or be sitting ignorantly in front of the boob-tube with the bombs bursting in air waiting for Tom Brokenjaw to give them some media-pap version of what the hell is going on.

But the revolution will not be televised: You gotta be in it to know what's going on. **The first order of revolutionary business will be to take control of the media and keep the ASCII pipeline open to the Freedom-of-Information Fighters and their allies.** As was the case during the American Revolution and the Civil War, this revolution will be about ideology, ideals, intangibles—that's what every revolution is about—in Bosnia, Haiti and all the dozens of little countries, the struggle is for their own brand of freedom: intellectual, religious and personal. Mostly, people want to feel safe to be who they are, to be free in their beliefs and in their personal lives.



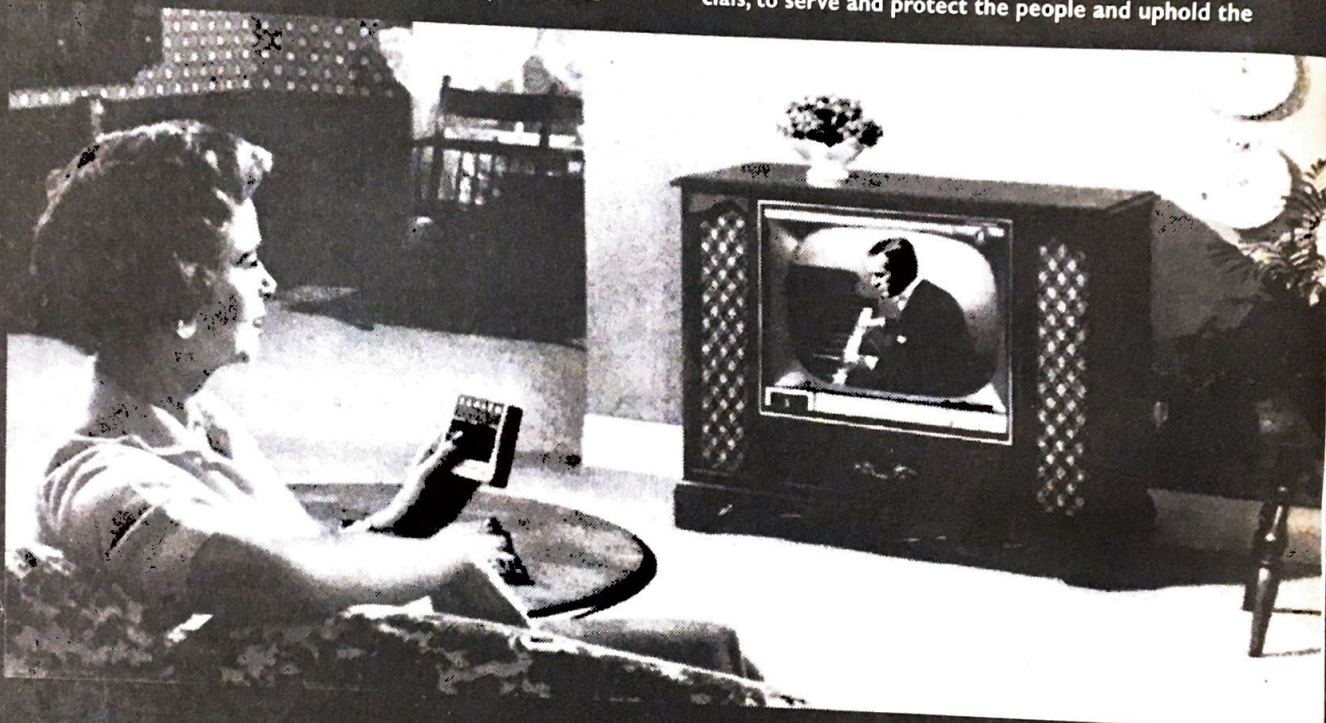


Thomas Jefferson said there ought to be a revolution every nineteen years. Nineteen years comprised a generation, in his definition. He also coined the word *usufruction*, which meant that the government had no business enacting any kind of legislation that would cause loss of any tangible or intangible assets into succeeding generations, and that no debt should be greater than that which could be paid in one generation.

By Jefferson's standards, the revolution is long overdue.

We haven't had a nation divided since the '60s (1860s) that's part of the problem. With all the flaws of our slave-owning founding fathers, Democracy was a radical concept. Other countries are fighting to have their own democracy and we ought to be fighting to save ours. The dialogue between The People and the

makes me wonder if the Bible's writers were also lawyers as well as apostles or ecclesiastical wannabes). If we read the Constitution judiciously and honestly, with the fullness of true humanity in mind, there's no need for any additional amendments (they tend to be mostly special-interest, save-my-political-ass political pork barrel stuff anyway). We wouldn't have a federal income tax; we wouldn't have the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act, a statute that employed taxation as a federal police-powers device; we wouldn't have a whole lot of ridiculous nonsense added on like sheets of Bounty-the-quicker-picker-upper by a gang of professional politicians appealing to the cries of moralists (this is especially true during Theodore Roosevelt's era), whose main concern was to be reelected and not, as is the job of elected officials, to serve and protect the people and uphold the



government has ceased: the government's not listening; the People have stopped talking (voting); the only things being heard are sound-bites and much ado about nothing from various politicians who simply cannot address real issues for fear of losing a career. Politics is not a career. *Usufruction* could also mean that no politician ought to serve longer than nineteen years, since that person would be legislating well beyond his/her generation.

We need to return to the original Constitution with its first ten amendments (all completed by 1791) and read the document in the historical context of its language: the words "man" and "men" are understood to mean "humankind" of all races and gender. The language of the Constitution and Bill of Rights was written with great restraint precisely so that it would remain open to interpretation, much like the Bible (which

Constitution of the United States. I am beginning to wonder if anyone in government has a good working knowledge of the Constitution or if they have even read the damn thing.

Hello, "Anti-Flag Burning Amendment".

...makes me want to set up a whole display of small flaming flags outside my humble business establishment alongside a towering replica of a pack of American Spirit cigarettes while I play the Star Bangled Spanner on my accordion wearing a Kevlar cocktail dress and a Rhinestone-studded gasmask...gee, I wonder if I call it "performance art" I could get a grant from the NEA? Oops, sorry, the NEA money's all being taken away and given to the Pentagon. Or is it Rupert Murdoch? I always get the Pentagon confused with media-monsters...but the revolution will not be televised



# Betty Hacker Cooking Shows

Local cable access being what it is (and isn't), especially in a large metro area like San Francisco, and especially in a highly gerrymandered cable area like this one, which includes a corridor from downtown out to the bay, down through dead-broke, gang-ridden SOMA and into super-rich Pacific Heights... What was I saying?

Oh yeah, local access. We have a lot of it, and things being as they are, (did I say that before?) lots of people think they can cook. I watch some of these when my medicine kicks in and I can't get out of my chair.

## The Fragile Gourmet

Maybe she was big-league once, I don't know. Now she's about nine years older than dirt and can't weigh more than 85 lbs. Her print dresses do things to the CCD elements in the studio cameras and the scan lines don't help any; she's hard to look at straight. But man, can she cook! I've gotten recipes I'm convinced are proprietary secrets from various restaurants, which she remembers but has forgotten the origins of. Trouble is, this only works about half the time. The other half of the time she zones, thinks she's at home, and wanders off the set to go change the sheets or something. Since the crew's all gone out for coffee, this leads to about ten or twenty minutes of bare set. A real Zen experience, especially if she's left something on the stove. The sprinklers went off once, and that was a hoot until the camera shorted out.

## The Fertile Gourmet

This lady has between six and nine kids—I've never gotten an exact count—and this has to be one of the most valuable shows on TV. She demonstrates how to cook for a whole huge bunch of family, every day, on a budget, while keeping half the family from assassinating the other half with anything that comes to hand. She brings all the kids to the set for every show. I think she has to. Unfortunately this valuable show was cancelled after every single piece of studio equipment had to be replaced three times due to a buildup of saliva and Smurfs.

## The Fairy Gourmet

What can I say? If Richard Simmons has an evil twin brother, I've found him. Apparently every foodstuff known to man is either phallic, or can be used as a lubricant. Too many "kumquat" jokes.

## The Farmer Gourmet

This guy looks like Stephen King's take on Mr. Green Jeans. I think he's a truck farmer with a mes-



siah complex. He wheels in this grocery cart loaded with dirt-covered vegetables, and proceeds to cook... something. I don't know what, it's different every time. You can watch what he's doing, but the problem is that while he starts talking about the cooking, he wanders, the way people do, until after about five minutes it's all about the New Christian Institute and the Trilateral Commission and a whole bunch of people and nations that don't really correspond to any reality with which I'm familiar. That's on Tuesdays. On Thursdays he deals with meat dishes, and those are much more pointed and direct, but I've never managed to watch that one much past the point where he leads in the goat. If anyone else ever actually watched this it wouldn't be on long.

I think there are more of these on, but I have to go take more of my medicine now.

FRINGE WARE REVIEW

by Hacker S. Thompson <hst@fringeware.com>  
<http://sunsite.unc.edu/martin/gonzostuf/hst.html>

9.19





# the Sleeping God

by Mark D. Pesce <[mpesce@hyperreal.com](mailto:mpesce@hyperreal.com)>

<http://www.hyperreal.com/~mpesce>

God is not dead; although many of us would like to hold a mirror under the nose of YHVH and determine, finally, that **He** is a corpse. Rather, the God of our fathers, of Abraham and Isaac and Hagar and Ishmael, the God of the Christians *and Jews and Moslems*, the monotheistic monolith, this God is merely sleeping.

I mean here not that God-as-entity is asleep, but God-as-part-of-us is. We have deprived God of *elan vital*, the energy which keeps God moving.

Even if God transcends the physical universe, God still works through it and through physical laws. These natural laws allow for no **monopole**. There is no "one", for, if there was, how could it be known? The universe is understood to us by difference, by the knowledge that "this" is unique because "this" is not "that". There is nothing *in* an undifferentiated universe, because there is nothing other than "there is".

The concept of a unary God is intrinsically unworkable,

for the same reason. How can anything about God be known without other God-like references?

(I am **not** trying to be esoteric here, but we are close to the limits of expression within a linguistic framework. Step over the edge and only being, not words, can be experienced.)

In the physical universe, into which God presumably manifests, the primary dynamic form is three-fold. Gurdjieff called this the *active*, *passive*, and *neutralizing* principles. Dion Fortune called them *Cosmos*, *Chaos*, and *Pass-Not*, and the Hindus name them *Sat*, *Chit*, *Ananda* (Being, Awareness, Bliss). In whatever form, the elements remain these; *two poles*



and a *field* between them. A magnetic or electric field requires both positive and negative poles, which then create a third epiphenomenal "field". The female pole must complement itself with the male, which then creates an epiphenomenal sexuality. The list goes on indefinitely, but the form remains the same; *one* is impossible to conceive, and two immediately create a third. (This is another form of the Law of Fives.)

What began with Zoroaster and Abraham, Azhura Mazda and YHVH, or rather, what ended with the first monotheistic deities, was change. The pantheon, stripped into a single component, lost its ability to

adult. Enough of a trinitarian dynamic remained to keep Christianity growing. But Luther and Calvin put God to rest by ejecting Mary. Protestant Christian religion defines a God *without any feminine component*, and thus, without a dynamic, God immediately falls asleep.

The mass of "religious" humanity have been reluctant to accept this, and so there have been movements to "wake God up", but these always involve active trinitarianism. The Pentecostal movement, perhaps the most dynamic form of Christianity worldwide, and the only one which incorporated

*From the Tao comes forth the one,  
From the one comes forth the two,  
From the two comes forth the three,  
And from the three comes forth all  
things.*

*—Lao Tzu, Tao Te Ching*

self-reflect, to change, adapt or grow. Our conceptualization of deity, which had evolved from the advent of consciousness, took a final decisive step into unity; this unity caused the conceptualization of diversity to flicker and die out, then, even it faded into sleep.

This is why the monotheistic religions are written laws and words, rather than the experience of *gnosis*, the direct manifestation of the sacred. Judaism thrives on the law, and says "the Law gives life"; Protestant Fundamentalists say the same thing about the Bible.

What this statement hides is the revelation that **with one god, gnosis is not possible**: to know God, one must be acquainted with at least three forms of manifestation. Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva. Maiden, Mother, Crone. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Of that last one; Christianity began as a transformation of the Egyptian mystery trinity Isis, Osiris, Horus. Isis is the Great Mother, and the male god does double duty as dead-risen god (Osiris) and child-ruler (Horus). Isis became Mary, the "Queen of Heaven", as the Catholics still know her, and Osiris/Horus became the two faces of Christ, child and

gnosis into doctrine, works within a frame in which the Holy Spirit is the field established by the twin poles of YHVH and Jesus Christ, and in this, believers can find room for the gnosis which is the essential element of pentecostal experience, and of *all* religious experience. Without gnosis, one is bound into idolatry. The Fundamentalist, for all his proclaimed "holiness", is the greatest idolater of all, for he places an object, the Bible, before himself, and before God, and worships it (this is the definition of "literalism"), interrupting anything which could lead to direct experience of the Godhead. This perversity is yet another example of what William Irwin Thomson has called *endantromania*, where any movement or process invariably becomes, at its greatest extent, a repudiation of its initial intent.

God sleeps, but perhaps God stirs. Pagans reverence the Great Mother *and* the Horned One; Diana *and* Pan; Cerridwen *and* Cernunnos. Individuals looking for gnosis have turned away from monotheism, toward a pantheon, "from the three comes forth all things". Between these poles flows the current of gnosis as old as our species, and here the Tao can be found, ever awake, ever changing, ever evolving.

Mark Pesce is an anarchist technopagan living in the Bay Area of Northern California, and possibly other dimensions to be announced, who has recently manifested VRML within our "world".



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# Hope, Hysterics, and the Saucer over the Rainbow

by Wiley Wiggins <weevil@fringeware.com>

<http://bianca.com/shack/dazed/wiley.html>

Wiley Wiggins has acted in films (Dazed and Confused, Love and a 45) and built FringeWare Towers in Metaverse Moo...he's the editor of the zine Happy! and stands ready to become the Hunter S. Thompson for the age of Prozac.

Whitley Strieber's new book is out, more ignorable than usual. This time he claims that he's been holding the truth back all this time. The aliens had apparently told him the meaning of life and now it can be ours for just \$14.95.

Now I'm not trying to reject completely the possible existence of extraterrestrial life (or god, santa claus, fair game, etc.) but it's time to sit down and think rationally about this bizarre alien (human) phenomenon.

Why are so many otherwise intelligent people swallowing so much regurgitated word o' mouth pabulum? Why can't some of these people just go back to seeing bigfoot? Why did the huge surge of people seeing "grey" aliens wait until after "Close encounters" came out? Before the poopculture blitz of flashy image and nonsense, an abduction would have been correctly diagnosed as sleep paralysis or a temporal lobe seizure. Now it's peppered down with a lot of fun and ridiculous fantasy dripping off the pages of the Sun and Enquirer, headlines screaming "YOU ARE SPECIAL, YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN!", yes, the more you think about that night you had the funny dreams and all the weird stuff happened in your lonely little house, the more fantastic it becomes. Maybe you can go to a bored shrink who read something about people like you in Biff Horpknud's new book *The Violet Boogeymen from Pluto*. Maybe you can get some nice suggestive hypnosis sessions to uncover those hidden memories. You're getting very sleepy, you're going back, back, you're in your bed. Now what KIND of Aliens did you see? Aliens? uhm...gee, I guess I see grey ones...

After that you'll have something to whisper to people with a hint of fear and excitement in your eyes; *I'm one of the chosen...they like me*. Dash in some grandiose conspiracy crap to make your new hallucinatory worldview even more complete. "They're controlling the truth about the space-brothers/demons and they'll squish you personally with their evil MJ-12 agents if you find out", is a lot more exciting than "They don't know you exist apart from a social security number, and they don't care if you live or die so long as you work and buy".

While we're still sort of on the subject, let's take a look at Majestic or Majic or whatthefuck. Ok, this whole concept came from a set of papers proven to be completely fake, yet some of my most intelligent friends are obsessed with the MJ-12 and the idea of a cool super-smart super-secret badass government that would maybe respect us...as...uh...adversaries...if they uh...knew us? Please, people! The government and its agencies are a bit more like an angry retarded child with a brand new M-16 than any brilliant-but-tyrannical foe. Let's look at Area 51. Now don't you think supersonic unmanned spy drones are a little more unsettling than superspectral rainbow-happy saucers and dead elf-aliens from Saturn!? I mean if



all the garbage about Area 51 was true, then the government certainly doesn't seem to be good at keeping big secrets, and it's a wonder we kept up against the Soviet Union for so long. Can't you twits realize that the best way to keep someone down is to keep them asking the wrong questions? If people keep babbling about the half-demon Nephilim that are cruising across the stratosphere in their cosmic Harleys then who cares if you're irradiating their food? Weird shit happens, and most of it is far stranger and more terrifying than any wispy little big-eyed things fresh from some Hollywood lot and their inconceivably ridiculous eugenics/crossbreeding plan for a better/worse galaxy.

**Face facts. It's all a big joke and you've helped make it so damn funny.**

FRINGE WARE REVIEW 9.23



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anathema  
enterprises  
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#227  
Austin TX 78705



# Six Sex Trips

by Ace Bondage, Demandra & Wall of Torture

<http://www.bjork.co.uk/bjork/>

- 1) Be sure and ask your lover if they like a tongue in their ear. The thought of somebody's tongue touching my ear wax repulses me. It makes me squeamish. I don't like it when pool or shower water gets in my ear, so why would I enjoy warm saliva? [Demandra]
- 2) If somebody is kind enough to stick their tongue in your ass, don't be squeamish about kissing them afterwards. [Wall of Torture]
- 3) Trimming is not mandatory, but it is a common courtesy if one expects constant cunnilingus (as Demandra does). All celebrities trim: Björk, Çörtñey and, of course, Sinéad. So get out those nail scissors, girls (but watch out for the rosebud). Also, try Flex conditioner. [Ace Bondage]
- 4) Everyone knows to wear a condom, but what about lubrication? A condom with no lubrication is like a rusty bike chain! So slop on the goop (no petroleum based products please) and put the pedal to the metal! [Demandra / Ace Bondage]
- 5) Try Motel 6 and a big bottle of Hershey's syrup. The maid might give you strange looks in the hall cause the sheets will never be the same again... [Ace Bondage]
- 6) Always wash your feet before and after sex. [Wall of Torture]

## Demandra's Home Fries!

### Ingredients:

some Idaho Potatoes  
1/2 Onion  
7-8 Garlic Cloves  
1/2 Green Pepper  
some Olive Oil  
Pepper, Salt  
fresh Rosemary (very important)  
Cayenne Pepper (works as a mild aphrodisiac)  
Salsa or Pico de Gallo

Cut up your potatoes to look like home fries (triangular, short and fat). Throw in a pot and boil until soft (be sure and add a pinch of salt and a bit of olive oil so the water won't flow over). While the potatoes are trying to soften, cut up your onions, green peppers and garlic. Sauté them in a pan with olive oil until all the veggies are soft. Check your potatoes with a fork, if they are soft, throw them in another pan with enough olive oil to fry them in. Also, please add your veggies to the potatoes. You should have a spatula so that you can constantly flip things around. Add your fresh Rosemary (or whatever Rosemary you may have). Add enough Rosemary so that the potatoes look pretty (two teaspoons or so). Also, sprinkle your Cayenne pepper evenly! Stir and flip, notice your potatoes turning brown. Everything should be slightly dark and smell really good. Cook longer for crispiness (add less oil for even more crispiness). The whole process should only take twenty minutes or so. At this point, your roommates will wonder what smells so good in the kitchen. They will question you from the livingroom. Be sure and turn the stove off. Look for your salsa or pico de gallo. Serve plain or with tortillas and black beans. Perhaps, put the potatoes in the tortillas and pour your salsa in the opening. If you eat this in the morning, be sure and serve with really strong coffee like Sumatran or Guatemalan. Finally, the meal is really great for hangovers...eat and then sleep for five more hours.



# Recipe For Pronoia

by John Bagby <cubensis@well.com>

This is an ancient and controversial folk brew, rumored to have first been enjoyed from the vessels of the hunter-gatherer tribes who navigated pre-history. Many claim the first pronoia was imported by divine wholesalers. Others argue that it is a differential byproduct of the Big Bang. Still more insist that pronoia originates from within human culture.

However the brew was originally concocted, gourmets consider modern recipes to be greatly diluted compared to the medicinal effects of those ancient, simmering mugfulls...but here's a little premillennial gumbo I cherish for its unusual potency and texture. Lots of cooks I know report hallucinogenic effects upon digestion.

(Pre-heat biosphere)

STOCK INGREDIENTS (a partial list)

Mix ingredients well in 3 separate containers:

## politics

- 1 part nervous and paranoid power class
- 1 part creative and pronoid artist class
- 2 parts cheap technology
- 1 part savoir faire

## sex

- 2 parts biology
- 1 part love
- 1 part music and poetry
- 1 part dysfunction
- 1 part repression

## religion

- 2 parts love
- 1 part escapism
- 2 parts manipulation
- 2 parts hope and faith

*“symptoms of  
pronoia ingestion  
include suspicion  
that the universe  
is a conspiracy  
with your welfare  
in mind...”*

**WARNING:** Do not combine the three mixtures unless each separate container holds a ratio you think you can handle. Like blowfish sushi, one little imbalance and...

Instructions:

- combine 3 separate mixtures in a radiation-proof container
- cook over open flame; stirring until consistency thickens; remove from fire
- best garnished with generous amounts of hacked media and diced faith
- serve warm, with a good fruity wine

Bagby has written for *HEAD Magazine* (UK), and co-interviewed John Perry Barlow last year for *High Times* # 230: “the cybertech issue”. He spent the summer of '94 on the Road, facilitating Internet operations for the UK smartrave troupe Zippy Pronoia Tour to US. In real life he balances his hemispheres in Colorado as an associate producer at Eagle River Interactive.

FRINGE WARE REVIEW

<http://www.well.com/user/cubensis/>

9.25





Shrimp

# Anarchy

by Don Webb <dwebb@fringeware.com>

|                               |                   |
|-------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 1/2 cup Onion               | 1 cup Celery      |
| 2 medium Green Peppers        | 4 cloves Garlic   |
| 1 lb clean, raw Shrimp        | 1/4 cup Margarine |
| 2 cups Tomato sauce           | 1 cup Water       |
| 2 tsp minced Parsley          | 1 tsp Salt        |
| 1 tsp Cayenne Pepper          | 2 Bay leaves      |
| 3 cups Rice (prep separately) |                   |

Chop onion, celery, peppers and garlic. Cook in margarine for about five minutes. Remove from heat; stir in tomato sauce, water and seasonings. Simmer about ten minutes. Add shrimp, cover and cook for 10-20 minutes until shrimp are pink and tender. Serve over hot rice.

While shrimp are in preparation have your local troop perform the following actions:

I. Begin calling all local branches of the federal government and tell them that their department has come under fire in the national budget-cutting process. Advise them that the only hope for their jobs is an immediate flight to Washington to testify before the Senate finance committee. The bureaucrats will then flee their offices. As they abandon their offices, send paint crews to rename the offices for plumbing and artistic firms. Change locks. The resulting confusion will end federal control of your area.

II. Blow up all cable TV facilities in your area. Call all local TV stations. Threaten them with with destruction unless they agree to show nothing but the "What Makes Auntie Freeze?" episode of *My Mother the Car*. This will cause all but the most brain damaged among the local populace to turn off their sets and begin to think. For those who still remain addicted to the tube, there isn't any hope anyway.

III. Call up all local schools, identifying yourselves as the local fire Marshall, tell them it is time for an impromptu fire drill. Call up all firms which

provide ice cream refreshments from trucks. Tell the trucks to head to the schools, that a special school holiday has just been declared and the kids will want to celebrate. Remind them to announce the holiday over their loud speakers as the they approach the schools.

IV. Call local churches, synagogues and mosques. Tell them that the largest churches in the city have started a raffle program that gives money to a random church goer. Ask them if they have a statement on the how much money *They would pay* to have someone to attend their church. Tell them that all the other churches are making statements at the local radio stations. Call all the local radio stations and tell them that church groups are making a hostile march on them *en masse*. Tell the radio stations the only way to avoid religious attack is to quickly found their own religions and start broadcasting them right away. Tell them that the churches won't attack their own. This will cause the state's greatest ally in enslavement, the churches, and the state's second greatest ally, the media to fight amongst themselves.

V. Call up local government offices and tell them that the feds are planning to absorb all their functions in a few days. Say that the governor/mayor has said that the only way folks may keep their jobs is if they picket all fed buildings, with placards marked "Power to the People!" The feds will have all left, and the arriving picketers will be picketing the locksmiths

Don Webb is FWR's most prolific contributing editor. Editor Joni met Don when both were slugs, perhaps banana slugs, in the days before the war.



and painting crews. Call the local newspapers and ask them why all our local government is downtown picketing honest working men and women? Why is is local government opposed to Labor? Express a hope that the local newspaper will cover the story, since all the radio seems to talk about any more is religion.

**VI.** Call the police and announce that the biggest shopping mall in town is offering a free fifty dollar gift certificate to the first two hundred policemen who show up in uniform at the mall. Call all the malls and tell them that the police are in a state of revolt, and are coming to mall after mall to loot freely. If they doubt the story call up the biggest mall and ask if the police are coming in number. Tell them that to avoid panic, they should leave the malls—keeping all the doors open and hope that the police will take what they want and just go away. Tell the homeless in your neighborhoods that it's a good day to visit the malls for a clothing upgrade.

**VII.** At this point shrimp will be done, go home, eat shrimp, start next batch.

**VIII.** Go to all the empty churches, synagogues, and mosques. Put large hand lettered signs on each.

"Going out of Business sale! All furniture free for hauling." Give everyone that shows up some of those anarchists zines, you've been storing for years. Numerous copies of *The Stars My Destination* are also nice gifts. Help people loot the churches, synagogues, and mosques. Tell each one of them, "Well, we're going to have start figuring this stuff out for ourselves now." Mention that all the local government offices have gone out of business, too, and that everything there's free as well.

**IX.** Get a large electromagnetic crane, such as the kind used in car demolition lots. Use its mighty magnetic field to wipe away all records at banks, courthouses, and taxation offices.

**X.** Storm the electric power station. Turn off all power in the city for twenty three minutes.

**XI.** During the instability which will follow, use your judgment and creativity to change a mindless falling away of the system into an individualistic small scale society unlike any that have existed in history save for our dreams. Some ice-cream would be nice too, since the shrimp burns a little. Maybe served without anarchy. Serves four.

The Stars My Destination by Alfred Bester is hard to find! outta print, as far as we know...

[gopher://gopher.well.com/11/cyberpunk/donwebb](http://gopher.well.com/11/cyberpunk/donwebb)

FRINGE WARE REVIEW

9.27





Power failure



Open 24 hours



# The Kiln

by Don Webb <dwebb@fringeware.com>

## 0.

A thirteen-hundred word story is one picture corrected twelve hundred and ninety-nine times.

Word is one picture corrected twelve hundred and ninety-nine times.

Word is one picture corrected.

Dali corrected his picture ninety-nine times.

Dali corrected his picture ninety-nine times by means of his magic monocle.

Dali corrected his picture of the sun's interior ninety-nine times by means of his magic monocle.

## I.

*Science News*, 128:23, 1985. For over two decades scientists have been puzzled by the low output of neutrinos from the sun. It just doesn't jibe with the theoretical output. John Faulkner and Ray Gilliland have conceived a solution to this dilemma. They postulate a large population of WIMPS (weakly interacting massive particles) orbiting the sun's core, but still well beneath the sun's surface. The WIMPS help convey heat out of the core, thereby cooling it to temperatures significantly less than those predicted by the astrophysicists. A cooler core emits fewer neutrinos, bringing theory in line with reality.

## 0.

The studio glowed brightly into the night.

## II.

A Fabulous Fifties breakfast nook in Los Alamos, New Mexico witnesses the same breakfast scene for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time. A man in white lab coat sits reading his *Science News*, his ruby red grapefruit from the Rio Grande Valley untouched, his coffee cooling. He is reading D. E. Thompson's article, "Weak Sun Blamed on WIMPS" to his chemist wife. She is eating her grapefruit, thinking of a lover she almost had in Acapulco. He pauses.

She says, "What do they do in their spare time?"

He says, "Who?"

"The WIMPs, of course."

He stares blankly at her for perhaps a second and turns to the next article.

## III.

He had entered the small gallery because of the rain and the cold. Art, even in its feeblest forms, usually warmed him. That is not an emotional sentiment nor a metaphor. Art increased the temperature of his body. He unbuttoned the first two copper buttons of



his Levi jacket. He walked grimly by the platters of toothpick-impaled cheese cubes to the first picture.

The first picture was a blue-gray semi-naturalistic landscape. Trees and stones melting into one another—the whole scene distorted as through a fish-eye lens. It didn't serve his purpose. It had no warmth whatsoever.

He shrugged, ran his fingers through his chestnut hair, and moved on.

The room was full of muttering people, mainly in pairs.

The next painting was worse still. A Midwestern street scene—someone's Cotton Festival drenched by an unexpected storm. People huddled in doorways while papier-mache floats dissolved in multi-colored puddles. He rebuttoned his jacket.



The third painting looked hopeful—at least from across the room. He crossed the floor, someone handing him a tiny brandy in a tiny shot glass. The third painting was a sunset cloudscape shot through with cerise, magenta, and burnt orange. It too had no warmth. Things are bad when a painting of Sol has no warmth.

His need grew. His fingers and toes were numb and his breath was beginning to frost. As he turned to leave he saw the artist perched on a stool. The artist had light blond hair, washed-out brown eyes, and thin fragile bones. For a moment he thought he was staring at a clay figure.

He meant to leave then. He pulled his left hand out of his jeans pocket, and looked at the steel ring on his fourth finger. The ring reminded him not to get involved. He should've gone to MOMA or the better galleries to get rid of his goose flesh. He looked at the clayman again. He was caught yet again.

### O.

The studio glowed brightly into the night. Dali wore goggles. Shadows and sunspots were beginning to form. Words corrected by pictures. Dali focused and corrected the shadows.

The magic monocle revealed a street scene in deepest Harlem. One fair and four dark figures. A solar flair was beginning and if not absorbed would spray a neutrino rain through all orbiting matter.

### III.

He circled over to the platters of impaled cheese. In a low, sincere voice he asked those that wandered by for the address of the artist. The crowd was too sophisticated to be worried by the request. Artistic groupies are not unknown. Eventually a confidential voice told him the clayman's address.

He grabbed a couple of cheese cubes and left. He headed home. He needed a costume.

He put on his Izod shirt, his designer jeans, his refulgent patent leather shoes. He rode the subway north and walked until he came to 123rd Street. It was early evening and he was so cold that he could feel frost forming on the hairs of his legs.

He'd have to pick the correct group. There wasn't much time—soon all of his heat would be gone. The elaborate set-ups he enjoyed were a luxury for another time.

He felt their fire for two blocks before he saw them. Two blacks and two Puerto Ricans, all nineteen, one of whom today had lost his two-bit job to a cute-looking chick, one of whom's best friend was dying from an infected needle. They had gathered on a stoop to discuss their problems.

He walked silently to the stoop. He interrupted the Puerto Rican whose friend was dying and asked, "Say, any of you boys know how to get to Broadway? I'm new in town and want to see a show."

He was loud and irritating. The four erupted in a nova flash.

### IV.

Much later, beaten and bleeding, he limps to the artist's apartment. He uses one of his Words to unlock the door and another to silence his movements. He finds the clayman's bed in the dark. He stands with his right arm outstretched—its splayed fingers five inches above the clayman's chest.

He lets go.

He lets the fire which he has held in by agonizing efforts flow down his arm and into the sleeping artist. He only saves a little to fight off the cold til tomorrow.

It had been better in the old days when he could heal his flesh with the fire. He looks at the sleeping artist whose works will now smolder in the eyes of the beholder. It's still worth it. Steel ring or no.

As he turns to leave he catches his reflection in the mirror. One eye is black and the cut over his lip is beginning to ooze blood again.

Prometheus—you're getting old.





# monochrom



#

4



media art damage  
Hypertext, Techno-  
Populism, Nano-  
technology, Data  
"security" nets in  
Europe, Godzilla,  
Cyberpunk's Inter-  
net Guerilla De-  
marketing, Digitale  
Stadt Wien/Free-  
nets, Pirate TV,  
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# N O D

## MAGAZINE

Issue 18

Interviews with Chris & Cosey (UK), Swedish trans-media duo Phauss, electronic composer Thomas Dimuzio, Spanish composer Francisco López, Dutch experimental band De Fabriek, Scottish politico-art-band Dog Faced Hermans, plus a historical profile on the German label Selektion and the composers Ralf Wehowsky (P16 D4), Achim Wollscheid (S.B.O.T.H.I.), and Bernhard Günter. As well as hundreds of audio and publication reviews, mallart listings, and international media contacts. 72 pages (\$3.75)

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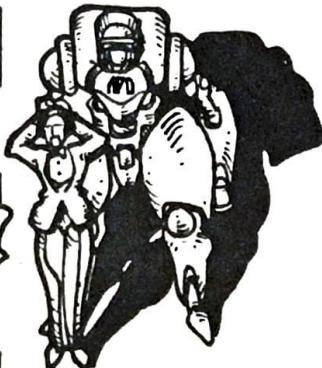
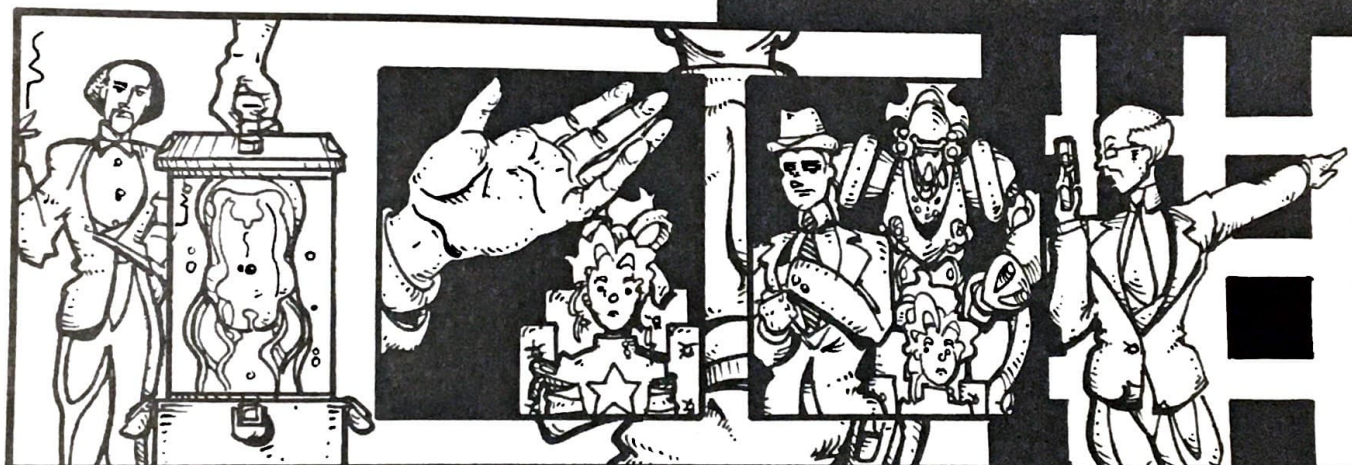
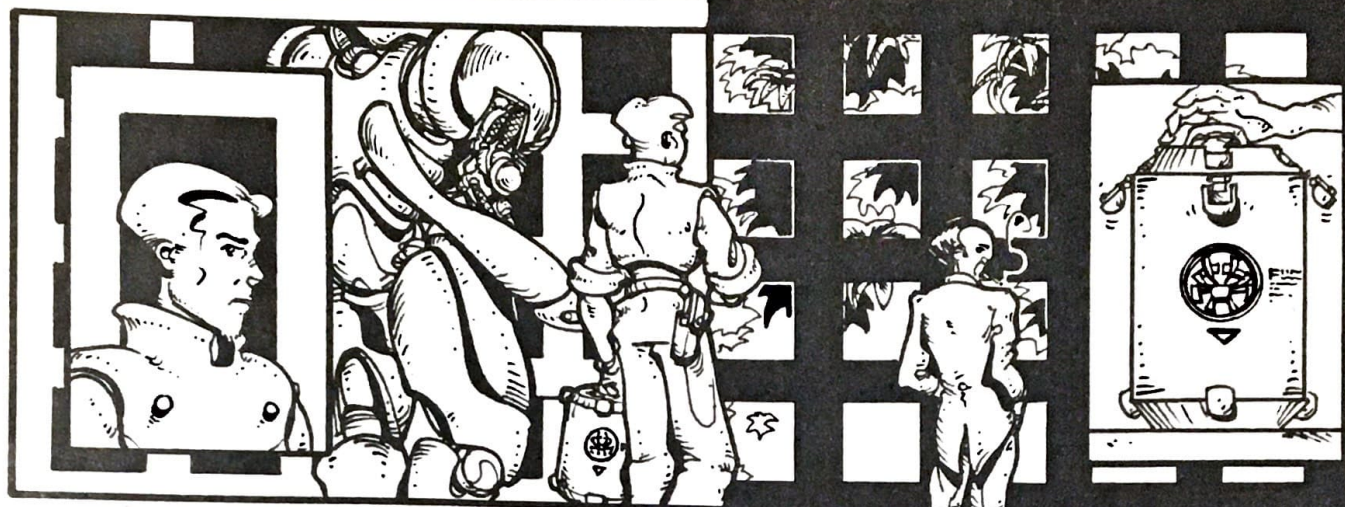




# EIGHT HANDS



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# Fleet Bureau of Investigations

## Aeschylus Division

101 Decumanus L12

Aeschylus, Tau Ceti IV SW: 240 Q: XII

*debriefing filed by:* Special Agent of Investigations Nathaniel Coopersmith  
*date:* 2140.09.30.16:45 standard

- 2140.09.29.06:30 – Special Agent Blaise Rochefoucault (OD G4xa7) obtains Octoloft Mother specimen from Institute Xenobiology Department (reqnum 734.36.120) and proceeds to Barnett Estate (913 Cordo L8).
- 2140.09.29.07:15 – Upon arrival, Lionel Barnett presents Special Agent Rochefoucault with requisite 125,000 debit card (anonymous registration) and expresses concern for the safety of his daughter. Special Agent Rochefoucault allays fears and departs for Bureau headquarters.
- 2140.09.29.08:15 – Pre-Operations briefing led by Chief Mycerinus, designating Special Agent Rochefoucault as intermediary. Special Agent Marsden Appleby will lead any necessary police action under Team A.
- 2140.09.29.10:45 – Special Agent Rochefoucault is driven to the contact point, 544 West 23rd L3.
- 2140.09.29.10:53 – Special Agent Rochefoucault makes contact with Suspect A, Robert Littlefield (AN 082352). Suspect A is armored in Class V Light Exoskeleton (CN 082352a).
- 2140.09.29.10:59 – Suspect A takes Special Agent Rochefoucault to Warehouse District 1, 1530 Decumanus L1, by circuitous route. Surveillance maintained by Team A.
- 2140.09.29.11:30 – Special Agent Rochefoucault meets Suspect B, Carlo San Giacomo, in Warehouse E. Suspects C, D, E, and F (identification pending) are present. Warehouse E designated C1 by Team A. Teams B, C, and D are called in.
- 2140.09.29.11:35 – Special Agent Rochefoucault presents specimen and debit card to Suspect B. Suspect B summons Lucia Barnett, bound and in a state of catatonia (see Doctor's Report 312.38g).
- 2140.09.29.11:39 – Suspect C draws weapon and trains it on Special Agent Rochefoucault. Suspect D, at window, expresses alarm when he sees Team A approaching C1.
- 2140.09.29.11:40 – Special Agent Rochefoucault incapacitates Suspect C and obtains weapon. Team A achieves successful entry in C1 through window.
- 2140.09.29.11:41 – Team C enters C1 through cargo door. Suspects D, E, and F are killed in the ensuing melee. Suspects A, B, and C are placed under arrest by Special Agents Rochefoucault and Appleby.
- 2140.09.29.11:45 – Suspects are led to Aeschylus Police Department Central Station for processing. Lucia Barnett is taken to Aeschylus Memorial Hospital and her parents are summoned.
- 2140.09.29.12:23 – Debriefing held by Special Agent Nathaniel Coppersmith.
- 2140.09.29.14:15 – Debit card is returned Lionel Barnett at Aeschylus Memorial Hospital.
- 2140.09.29.15:37 – Specimen returned to Institute Xenobiology Department.

ref: 079868s

see also: all data on Ops, Interro, AVH materiel Barnett Case 079868



# Anarchy in the Criminal Courts

by Anita Susan Brenner <brenner@fringeware.com>

FWR contributing editor Anita Brenner ran into Richard P. B. Tyson, in the hall of the local courthouse. They were each waiting on jury verdicts (acquittals) and took a few moments to discuss the ways in which the criminal justice system approaches sex, religion and politics.

**fwr:** Why is it that in a rape case, you always seek to seat women jurors?

**mr.t:** I always try to obtain twelve women on my rape juries. These jurors are able to intimately discuss all of the potential defects in the alleged victim's testimony concerning the claimed acts. One man on that jury would poison the natural forthrightness and objectivity of the women even though they would recognize that in most cases any comments by the male would be bottomed in idiocy. Put in another way, women are best able to make those determinations which are essential to a fair and credible analysis of a woman victim's testimony.

**fwr:** Have you tried many rape cases?

**mr.t:** Yes, I have tried quite a number of rape cases but to make the point, I had a case involving an attractive 23 year old woman, who was accused of orally copulating a 30 year old male companion in the back seat of a vehicle, which was parked on a hilltop in South Pasadena. In order for the police officer to reach a point where he could put his head in the window and view this delicious activity, it was necessary for him to walk a quarter of a mile up a hill through pine trees and brush to reach this spot. This was before the California unlawful search laws came into effect. This officer, who was known in subsequent years for his born-again christian attitude and an unwillingness to avoid the natural idiocy which imbued his small mind, took the matter to the police chief who in turn was terribly embarrassed but turned it over to the District Attorney hoping for a rejection. The District Attorney filed what was then a felony: a charge against each of the individuals of oral copulation of the sexual organ of another.

**fwr:** A felony?

**mr.t:** That was a felony in those days. The preliminary hearing magistrate, who approached in ignorance the unfortunate level of the police officer, bound each of the two defendants over for trial. The male was represented by an old timey lawyer in Pasadena, who had a big gold watch in his vest pocket and a great big great whale's tooth in the other pocket, not a big whale's tooth but a big small

whale's tooth that fitted into his vest pocket. Not an elks tooth, but a very small whale's tooth. The case was tried to a jury, and in that case, obviously, I insisted upon an all female jury, not one of them who had failed to have her fanny on a bar stool.

**fwr:** How do you tell if a woman has ever had her fanny on a bar stool?

**mr.t:** You look at her eyes.

**fwr:** Do I look like the kind of woman who had my fanny on a bar stool?

**fwr:** I don't know whether you ever had your fanny on a bar stool, but you, Anita, are an intelligent and fair-minded person. You would reach a verdict



based upon the same thinking as a woman who had her fanny on a bar stool.

**fwr:** Why is that?

**mr.t:** Because you are, I can look in your eye and see that you are a helluva trial attorney and a woman who would be able to look at this entire project that was foisted upon the criminal justice system and immediately come in with a not guilty verdict.

**fwr:** Tell me more!

**mr.t:** We tried the case and the cross-examination of the police officer was truly a joy. Not only was he not the brightest guy who ever walked on the pike, but he found that he had difficulty when it came to describing all of this alleged activity in view of his religious beliefs. The long and short of the whole thing was that the jury just loved the case. The old



timey lawyer put his client on the stand and he testified that he was asleep and did not know what was going on. It was the old bath house sleeper defense. I did not put my pretty little lady on the stand. I simply argued that the attitude of this co-defendant, this man, that he was asleep during all of this alleged activity was so ungentlemanly, not at all *au courant*, not at all in any sense the conduct of a modern man...or even an unmodern man.

**fwr:** Did you cross-examine the sleeper?

**mr.t:** The cross-examination of the man was also truly a joy. As you can imagine, it was one of the great experiences of my life to cross-examine the sleeper. The interesting thing about this case, not having placed my client on the stand to testify, was that the jury found her not guilty. She, who was alleged to have been on her knees, leaning over with nothing on but one of those old-fashioned girdle-type apparatus, orally copulating this poor unfortunate sleeper. The jury acquitted her and convicted the sleeper.

**fwr:** Thanks, Mr. Tyson. I hear the bailiff calling me.

**mr.t:** Wait a minute, Where is this going to be published?

**fwr:** This is going to be published in *FWR* out of Austin, Texas.

**mr.t:** In that case perhaps, I should explain that when this occurred back in around '55-'56, the law was clear in the State of California that any person who contacted his or her mouth with a sexual organ of another person was guilty of a felony. In '69, I was pleased to deliver a speech to the Conference of Delegates of the State Bar, on behalf of the Pasadena Bar Association, to offer an amendment to the code section to except from the sanction acts in non-public places between consenting adults.

**fwr:** Should there be a distinction between strictly private places and semi-public places. For example, Should there be continued prosecution of gay men in remote areas of parks by undercover police officers? One can argue that your case was in a public location because they were out in a car.

**mr.t:** Well in the first place, I hardly think it was a public location, when the officer had to climb half a mile in a tree-studded area in order to get there, but I think that what you must understand is that the efforts of the Pasadena Bar and my efforts in '69, were not just to protect gay people but it was to give consenting adults the right to indulge in this type of conduct in a non-public places. What we were trying to do is to take the teeth out of the section. I can't speak for the Great State of Texas, but in California we

have plenty of things for these police officers to do other than to sneak around in parks and secluded places, looking for supposed dissolute conduct on the part of anyone whether he's gay or she's gay or whether these are heterosexual conducts or whether some guy is out in the park masturbating, it just seems to me that this is a terrible waste of police resources.

**fwr:** What can Fringeoids do about this?

**mr.t:** There is not an awful lot to do except to try every case. At least you are educating part of the public that this type of conduct is unacceptable, unnecessary and a waste of police resources.

**fwr:** Thank you very much.

**mr.t:** Well, you are quite welcome, Ms. Brenner, it is always a pleasure to talk to you. I am sure you are sorry you are cutting me off so abruptly here.

**fwr:** Well, maybe *FWR* will let us continue this interview in another issue in which we discuss the first time we met. I seem to recall we were on a four-defendant rape case.

**mr.t:** It certainly was a four-defendant rape case.

**fwr:** But, we'll save that for another time, right?

Bye!

Anita Brenner is the leading proponent of Cyborg Poetry and reads frequently in Elko NV. Her favorite writers are Wigmore and Bentham.

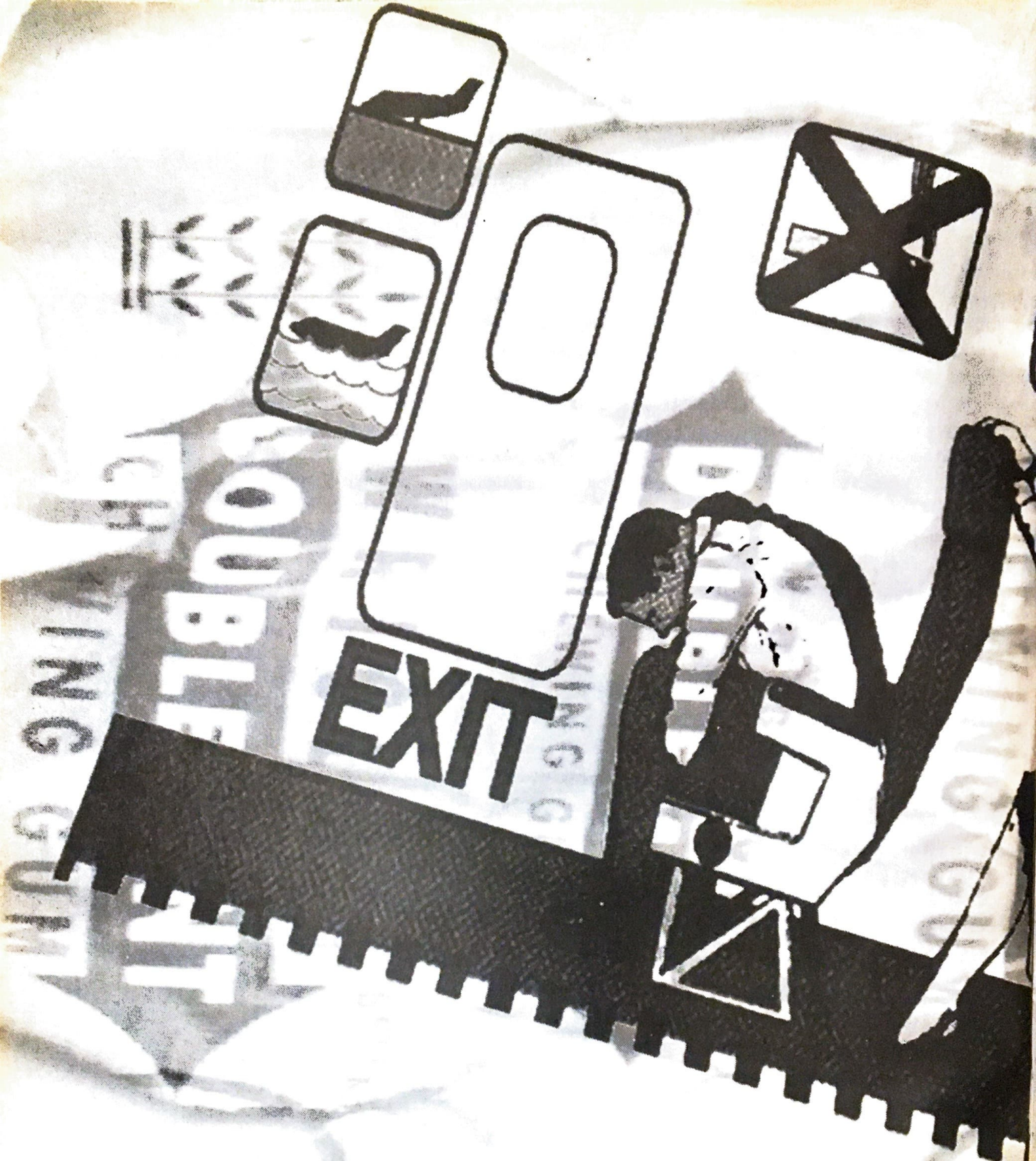
<http://www.cyberspace.org/ut/brenner/www/homepage.html>

## Twelve Rules for Criminal Defense Attorneys, i.e. A Recipe For Success

[Richard P.B. Tyson with the reluctant assistance of Anita Susan Brenner, who stirred the pot]

1. In a criminal case, obtain the fees while the tears are flowing.
2. Between those who are equally in the right, or equally in the wrong, the law does not interpose.
3. Never try a murder case until the grass in green on the deceased's grave.
4. That which does not appear to exist is to be regarded as if it did not exist.
5. Never accept a juror whose mouth puckers smaller than a chicken's ass. [stolen from Molly Ivins]
6. Superfluity does not vitiate.
7. Never cross-examine the deceased victim's mother.
8. Superfluity does not vitiate.
9. You know your client is in good shape if the predominant makeup of the jury is from a discriminated-against class.
10. In a rape case always seek women jurors.
11. Contemporaneous exposition is in general the best.
12. You can always tell the victim is lying when the tears begin to flow.
13. Don't be a fly swatter. There are too many flies.





by Mike McNally <ms@tivolli.com>





I was electrified. Tired and uncomfortable, I'd been fitfully dozing for the past half-hour. The hard plastic wall of an airliner shares only one characteristic with a pillow: the talent to form my hair into a shape that perfectly accentuates my resemblance to a potato. I turned reluctantly towards the young woman who'd sat down in 16B back in New York and who was now extending a just-opened pack of Doublemint.

She was attractive. No, she was stratospherically beautiful, to a degree that had forced my brain to repress all actual feelings of desire. You see, life inside a potato look-alike teaches the subconscious to protect itself. I had thus been able to coolly observe as she fidgeted in the departure lounge, checking her watch and her ticket alternately every couple minutes. She was plainly, casually dressed, probably visiting her parents while her lawyer husband stayed back at their upscale mini-mansion in Dallas. Something like that. When I'd seen her walk down the aisle slowly focusing on my row, I was siezed with anxiety, involuntary denial notwithstanding. After making nervous motions to pantomime the accomodation of her presence, I had turned and tried to sleep.

Now the gum. Why gum? Why now, only this far into the flight? Beverage service would start soon, followed by some nauseating re-formed meat-like substance that would no doubt leave some gooeey stain on my chin. Gum would only compound the problem, a sticky blob I'd surely fumble with and accidentally fling in her face.

"Yes, thanks."

She pulled out a piece and unwrapped it before handing it to me. Strange. "Do you live in Dallas?" she asked as I took it. She folded the wrapper and put it in her bag. Also strange.

"No, Austin." At this point my recovering sore throat played a really funny joke on me, and I issued a sputtering cough. "I'm not contagious," I said, as if it would reassure her.

"Mm hmm" she said, as she started in on the piece she had taken.

Why had she unwrapped the gum? Maybe lots of gum-giving people do that, I thought, and I've just been spending time with the wrong sort of people. The nice voice in my head chastised the rotten one for wondering how clean were the hands of this perfect specimen of womanhood.

She reached up and turned her lamp on and increased the flow from her air vent to maximum. This is really great gum," she said as she proceeded to adjust my lamp and vent the same way. "You'll want these like this in a sec."

I felt one of those waves of sensation that happen whenever I realize something abnormal is going on. It's as if the few neurons untouched by years of heavy drinking are shouting "Hey moron!" to alert me to some potential danger. The wave had hardly reached my knees when she calmly reached her right arm over and pressed her thumb against my cheek.

"This helps," she said, holding her thumb lightly but firmly in place.

Ok, I thought, this is where I start going over the likely events I can expect in the near future. Is this woman insane? Is she doing something that makes sense, therefore implying that I've gone insane? Is there a little card in the seat-back compartment that I failed to read?

"Uhh" I interjected cleverly.

"My boyfriend makes this stuff. He's a chemist."

"You mean the gum? He makes Doublemint gum?" It was hard to talk with her thumb on my face.

"No, he just wraps it like that. That's why I kept the wrapper; he likes to reuse them."

For some reason, that revelation calmed me down quite a bit. I felt better about all the friends who hadn't unwrapped gifts of gum in years past. I did wonder how anyone could possibly create a convincing fake Doublemint package, and I considered that this guy might be an origami expert. Soon, however, the oddity of the situation regained its hold on my attention.

"It tastes just like real Doublemint, I think." I didn't want to ask direct questions for fear she might



take offense. That that might get her to remove her thumb from my cheek didn't occur to me.

"Well, it's way better. It's got drugs in it." She giggled. "You'll notice in a sec. Tell me if your feet start to itch though."

I started to imagine how I'd describe this experience to various friends (my wife included), but it was hard to get too involved with that because I was simultaneously telling myself that I'd probably be dead soon. What exactly did she mean by "drugs"? I started to notice a tingling around my neck.

"Drugs?" I asked. "Kinda like Aspergum, right?" (I'm the only person I know who likes Aspergum.)

"No way. Real drugs. He made them up himself, in his lab in the garage. He's invented lots of drugs."

Oh, great. "Them." Multiple home-made drugs soaking slowly through my mucous membranes. From now on, I'd explicitly request a seat next to a screaming, vomiting toddler.

I felt a flush on my forehead. I opened my mouth to say something, but the mere movement of my jaw threw me into complete dizziness. My head started to slump forward, I think, and my clarity of perception was rapidly fading. My feet didn't itch, though as I re-checked I couldn't be sure that I still had feet.

"Wow. This is a good batch. Here, thumb my cheek for me." She pulled my arm over and I managed enough muscle control to extend my thumb. I'm not sure whether I held my arm out or whether she did, but in any case I became aware that my thumb was resting on her cheek. At least, that's what my thumb told me; my eyes were busy sorting out which of the seventeen tray tables floating in front of me was the one I should lower to indicate I wanted a beverage.

I saw the flight attendant (actually, I saw several of them, hovering like balloons in the Macy's parade) and the beverage cart. I was sure she'd notice this little tableau, and it would certainly be the kind of thing the FBI would want to deal with when we landed. I wanted to remove my thumb, at least, but I couldn't make my arm move. I couldn't even find my arm.

"Something to dr—" The attendant made a little gasping noise. A professional, she caught herself. "Something to drink, you two lovebirds?" The sound of her voice started up a weird echoing ring in my ears, like Christmas bells with rockabilly reverb.

"No. Nothing. Thanks. And we don't want any dinner either." How she managed to respond like that when I couldn't hope to control my tongue amazed me. She must do a lot of this stuff, whatever it was.

I was glad she said it anyway, because I really didn't want to find out what a dish of lasagna looked like in this condition. The attendant moved on.

"Ung muh muh muh," I think I said, meaning "What exactly are these chemicals that have just breached my blood-brain barrier?" I really needed to get some more data, because I was starting to lose track of a little too much of my mind.

"Shhh! Just wait." How the hell did she talk? Was I sure I'd seen her put that gum in her mouth?

Just then, I started to notice a feeling in my thumb, like bugs crawling up from the tip. At the same time, the spot on my cheek where her thumb lay went cold, and I felt as if a net were spreading from it around my head. The chill spread with the net, but the rest of me was heating up. I don't think I was sweating, but I felt really warm. My sense of body form had failed me; I felt like a lump of bread dough. Warm bread dough. The bugs continued up my arm.

"This is an easy one. Hold on." Her thumb pressed harder into my face, and I think mine started pushing into hers. The crawling bug sensation was gone, replaced by a general feeling of liquid flowing over my hand and arm. The feeling I was getting from her thumb was starting to make my head hurt. The "net" I had felt before seemed to be getting tighter, squeezing my skull, almost pushing my hair back into my scalp. My vision was getting really blurry now.

I toyed with the idea of panic and thought of a few different action plans. Of course, since I couldn't move or feel anything there wasn't much I could accomplish. The rushing noises of the aircraft and the vents blasting air down on me started to swell, drowning out a little tune this nutcase beside me had started humming. After some more of this, the world went completely black. The last thought I had before going under concerned the question of whether I'd describe this drug as something that "gets you high"

The terrain between Nashville and Texarkana slipped quietly beneath me. For all I knew we could have detoured through the asteroid belt. I figure I had about as much grasp of the universe during that time as your typical refrigerator mold colony. The only sensations I hazily remember are that at some point there was a quick popping noise, and I started feeling lighter and smelling better.

I woke up to an elbow jabbed in my side. "Dammit! How long have you had this cough?"

I looked over to my left at the sound of my voice. "Huh?" she said. I mean—



"Why didn't you go to the doctor. Do you have any cough drops, or anything?" Another cough.

My earlier questions about insanity apparently answered, I just sat there staring, wondering what the food was like in modern asylums. There I was, or I guess I mean there she was, or maybe there he was; and of course that could only mean that she, or I, was here. Nifty. Boy, true psychosis is a pretty heavy-duty thing.

An attendant began announcing the imminent landing of the plane. I reached down to buckle the belt over the soft knit cotton vest she was wearing. I mean—oh, you get it. A thought worked its way through my confusion.

"Excuse me, but don't you think you got the bad end of this deal?" I looked at her quizzically, wondering if what I was telling the face to do would really make it look quizzical. Would I have to practice everything? I could apparently make this thing talk. "I mean, do you really want to look like a potato?"

"Well, I do have the window seat now." She had a point. "Fix your hair. It's messy in the back." Gee, I didn't realize I sounded (or used to sound) so much like Greg Brady.

"My hair! What about yours? It's all...sideways. It always gets like that. Good luck." She also needed to clean the glasses, but I was a little ticked off so I decided not to tell her. Maybe she'd get a headache like I always used to.

"I don't really care. I don't need this one for very long."

I made a mental note to check whether it's legal to commit yourself to life in a padded cell.

"Gimme my bag, please. Don't look in it."

What an attitude. I handed over the bag, and grabbed the book I didn't read out of the other seat-back. The plane bounced on the runway. I looked around at the other passengers, expecting cold stares from everyone. Surely they'd witnessed the spectacle; I must have made at least some rude gurgling noises. But nobody looked interested at all, though I noticed a couple of salesmen leering at me. She began humming the tune I'd heard before, but was stopped by another cough.

I handed the cabbie a twenty and slammed the door. It was pretty late by this time, though the neighbors never paid any attention to us anyway. I could hear the dogs barking through the windows. The suitcase seemed a lot heavier. For somebody who looked like this, she didn't seem to have had to work at it; this body was wimpier than the old one.

"Elaine! I'm home!"





# Lisa's Story

by Joseph Rowe <paramod@well.com>

Dear Pierre

Well, you asked me to tell you about my new life with Luke, Anya, and my new family, so here goes.

"Poly-WHAT?" you said...OK, OK, so "polyfidelity" *does* sound more like an insurance company than a revolutionary lifestyle. "Polyamory" sounds slightly better, but the important point is that this way of life puts a high value on a sense of faithfulness, stability, love and respect—which has more in common, believe it or not, with the basic values of your own monogamous lifestyle than it does with "swinging" or other forms of promiscuity. The only fundamental difference between our family and yours is that we have all agreed to challenge the ancient notion that a woman or man can only have one erotic partner at a time, and that those who violate this so-called law of nature must reap the consequences of sexual possessiveness and jealousy, leading to bitterness, divorce, perhaps even violence.

Not only do we challenge this dogma about "human nature," we are making our lives a refutation of it. This has led us to challenge other assumptions about human sexuality as well...but more about that later.

Anyway, I don't want to sound preachy, so I'll sign off for now and wait to see if you want to hear more. Your last email sounded like you were pretty skeptical about it. Any scientific objections?

Love to you and Jacqueline,  
Lisa

Dear Lisa,

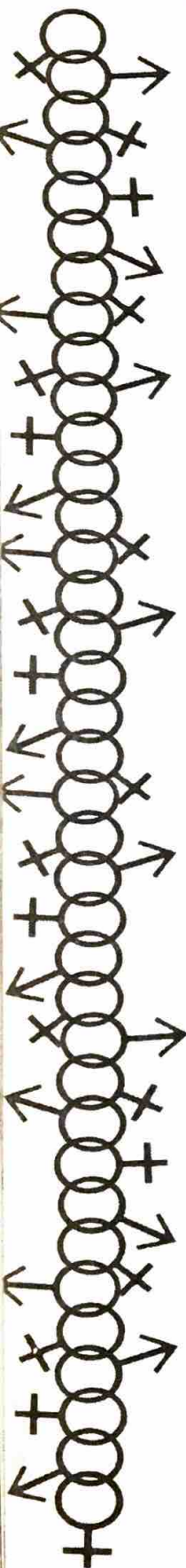
I'm sorry if I sounded too skeptical. Yes, I would like to hear more. Consider me a kind of friendly critic for this new experiment of yours, but a critic who puts a desire for your happiness ahead of any points I might want to score.

My problem with polyfidelity is not that it goes against anything called "human nature" (maybe that term should always be in quotes?) —in fact, I think it is a fascinating possibility, at least theoretically. I fully agree with your challenge to the dogma of sexual possessiveness as something hardwired into us, a kind of pre-determined behavior like sneezing. As a zoologist, I get very tired of people concluding such things from animal behavior (especially biologists, who should know better)—our animal genetic heritage influences behavior in complex, fluid and multi-dimensional ways. Virtually all wild animals eat raw food, shit on the ground, and fuck in public, but human beings don't. Does that mean we're going against the grain of "nature"? No, I'm completely on your side in affirming human possibilities, as opposed to rationalizing the status quo with fallacious conclusions from watching animals.

Where I differ from you is in my pessimism about the social gravity around us, and its effect on us. You and your new family don't exist in a social free-fall, you know—you were all born, raised, and continue to live in a cultural gravitational field which has had enforced monogamy for thousands of years, surrounding it with all kinds of religious and legal traditions and taboos—a formidable conditioning. Don't underestimate it.

Maybe over a century or three something like polyfidelity will slowly evolve as a widespread practice, but in the meantime, how do you get over your own conditioning without fooling yourselves? To say nothing of dealing with the outside world?

Love Pierre



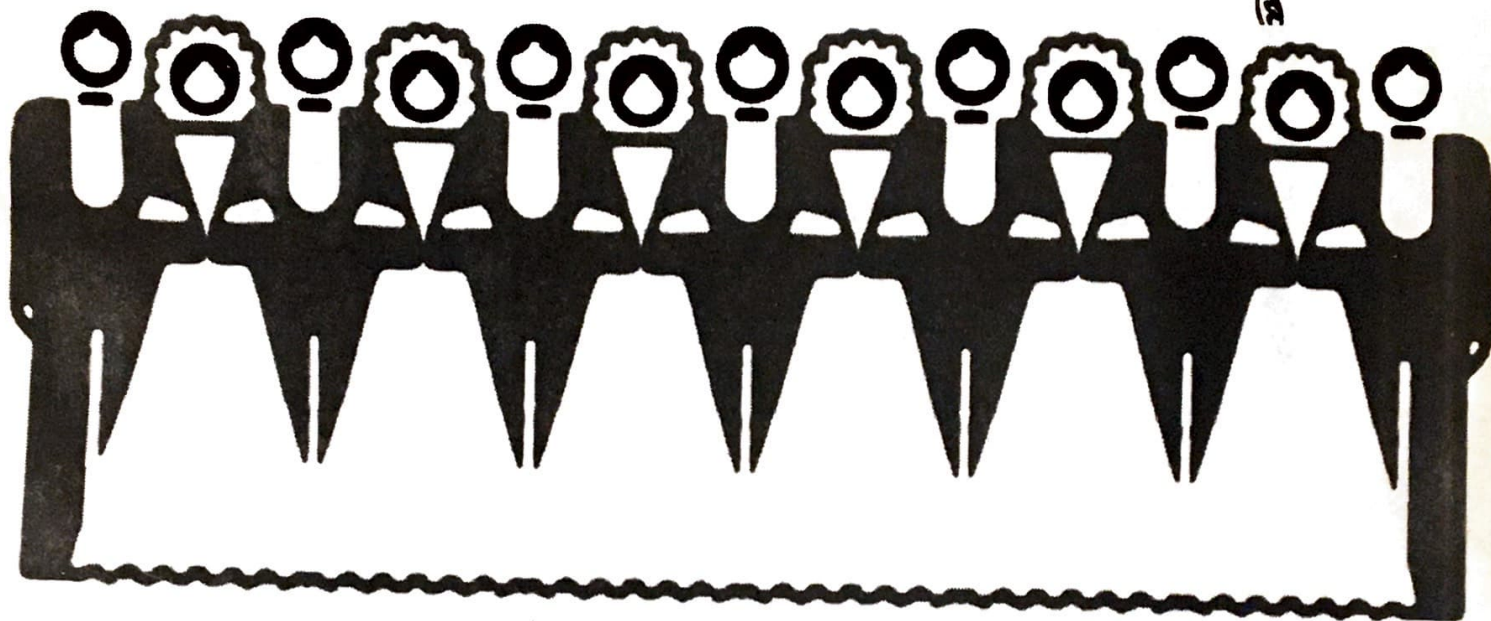


Dear Pierre

Enjoyed your letter, and showed it to Luke and others. We agreed with almost everything you said, except for the pessimism about "social gravity". Social *levity* is what we're all about. But now that I know you're interested and basically supportive, I think I'll try to answer you by telling you about Luke...and Anya.

As I told you, Luke and I fell lightening-struck in love during that short vacation in Hawaii. But I never imagined that he was a package-deal! Not that he hid

with a shock that he was telling me that he was still married. Not only was he still married to Anya, he was "deeply in love with her." She spent most of her time in their house near Lake Oswego with their two kids...and with her lover, Jonathan! There was much more, but this was about all he felt I could handle at the moment. I barely did handle it. On the one hand, I had to admit that I had strong ideals about transcending sexual possessiveness, and we had talked a lot about such things in Hawaii. BUT...! Isn't it amazing how puny our ideals can seem when put to the test of



anything from me, exactly...actually, I'm glad he wisely waited for the right time back in Portland to tell me about Anya. I don't think I could have accepted her if he had told me in Hawaii, and it might have nipped our relationship in the bud...but enough morbid speculation.

The way he told me about her was pretty brazen, and quite skillful in its own weird way. We had gone to his apartment after lunch, our first meeting since Hawaii. I remember being surprised how modest the place was for a single man of his obvious means, though I found it charming...in fact almost too charming for a bachelor apartment...that old electricity was crackling between us, but this was no time for bed, for he meant to keep his solemn promise to finally explain his terse answer to my question in Hawaii about his love life: "I have been married and am a father of two children. I don't want to talk about the rest of it till we get back to Portland, but I can assure you that I am completely free to commit myself fully to a relationship with you." He launched right into his story with no preface, and I suddenly registered

real life? I think I came close to bailing out at that moment. But something told me to wait, and not just knee-jerk out of the situation.

Well, the next thing I know, we're on our way over to Anya's! The encounter with her was surreal for me: very large, upper-middle class house with about 6 kids including their two (ages 7 and 10) racing around the place, Anya receiving us alone (Jonathan gone to Seattle on business) like a charming housewife (which she is, in a way—she prefers this role, and has expanded it into a kind of day-care center for their network of other poly families). I mean, I thought I was in the twilight zone...everything seemed so weirdly *normal*... I don't know what I expected—a dope-smoking hippie? But it certainly wasn't this lovely, gracious, Scandinavian beauty of a suburban matron, expertly shepherding the kids while serving me tea, so attentive to my every need and comfort, and genuinely interested in me.

But that was only the beginning. We had a pleasant, incredibly normal afternoon talking, working and playing with the kids, while Luke pattered around the

Joseph Rowe is a writer, musician and social worker living in Paris.



house, mostly fixing a solar collector. Then dinner with us three and just the two kids, Laurie and Chris, bedtime stories for them, and us three listening to music and talking far into the night after the kids went to bed. I'll reluctantly skip the details and get right to what you are already thinking: yes, we all three wound up in bed. It was wonderful! Not only because I discovered how turned-on I can be to another woman, but because there was not the slightest pressure or artificiality about it. It was as natural as the whole afternoon and evening had been. At first I thought this must be some mysterious karma between us three, and who knows, maybe so, but the more important factor is that both Luke and Anya are such incredibly open, honest, fearless people. Even before it became clear that we were all getting very close, they expressed frank, unashamed affection and kisses in front of me, as did Luke with me in front of Anya. And then she and I quickly discovered that we had many interests and outlooks in common. I think the important thing is that they are people who *do not hide their love out of fear* as most of us learn to do sooner or later in life. They made it safe for me to be the same way, and I took to it like a duck to water. When I woke up the next morning and looked at them asleep in each others' arms with Anya's leg draped over mine, I knew I had found my lost tribe.

Over the next few months I found myself shuttling between my old apartment (now vacated), Luke's place, and "the Lake house" as we call it (which is actually not far from my job). Some weeks I would spend far more time with Anya than with Luke. At first he was a little grumpy about this, but Mark (who tends to be mostly homo and has been in love with Luke for years) was there to console him, often with Vivian...oh yes, Mark is legally married to Vivian who is Jonathan's dominatrix...and yes, everyone in our family is "pansexual". This is most often harder in the beginning for a hetero-identified man than for a woman, even polys with previous experience. Our family pretty much insists on letting go of straight-identified (or gay-identified) patterns of behavior and thinking. Of course if a guy (or girl) is naturally much more hetero (or homo) in their tastes, that's fine, we're not ideologues. But we feel it's important to abandon the *self-image* of hetero/homo sexuality (though not the practice!), because if you look closely at it, it turns out to be totally derived

from the whole system of conditioning of sexual ownership, patriarchy, etc.

Anyway, I'll leave you with this for now. Let me know what you think when you've digested it.

Love and levity,  
Lisa

Dear Lisa,

Pierre showed me your correspondence with him. Was very interested and intrigued by your account. Neither of us has much time to answer now, very busy with a publishing deadline. But I do have one burning question: What about the kids?

More later, - Love  
Jacqueline

Dear Jacqueline and Pierre

I'm busybusybusy too as it turns out: we're starting a family business! It's very exciting (and exhausting!)...I'll tell you about it later when I have more time.

Jackie, you asked about the kids. It's very simple: *everybody* takes equal responsibility for them. Period. I know most other "poly" families are different in this regard. But we insist that the kids belong to everybody—and nobody! Our family is no place for anyone who doesn't love kids, that's for sure. Of course no one can replace the natural mother and father of a child, and not everyone has the same amount of time to spend with them. But it all works out, because this is a group marriage, and the kids are included. Our main problem is that some of us complain that they don't get enough time to spend with the kids, believe it or not

Love,  
Lisa

Dear Lisa,

I admit, I'm deeply impressed. You folks are really living your ideals, not just rationalizing boredom with the same partner, as I confess I had feared. I have long felt that monogamy is welded into a whole sexual way of being: you can't start to tinker with it without changing a lot of other things about sexuality



as well. And, although these things have begun to change in both American and European culture as a whole, they haven't really changed that much—when people forget this and stray too far out of the basic sexual parameters, it becomes totally unstable sooner or later and fails in the long run—look what's happened to the sixties' experiments in sexuality: they're almost all either raising families now or are basically alone, at least here in Europe.

But that was about as far as my thinking went. Your experiment is the first I have heard of in which people are really willing to change their sexuality and sense of identity and family, in order to go beyond monogamy. You are in unexplored territory, as far as I know—I don't know of any human society, or even any animal species which engages openly in such pansexuality, *especially* with your equal sharing of care of the young—I am still full of wonder at this idealism...

Jackie here, looking over Pierre's shoulder...we've been talking a lot about your new life, and we've composed the following order of questions we'd like to ask you:

Very important: What about your relationships with the community (especially the kids' school, friends, etc)? And what about formal legal and financial responsibilities?

Important in general: All of you are very much in the upper-income bracket, right? You all also seem to have an extraordinary amount of leisure time. It takes a lot of time and energy to establish a solid relationship with just one person, let alone a polyfamily—and meanwhile most people have to struggle to make a living in the world. How can this lifestyle be possible for anyone but the bourgeoisie, if you'll forgive our French (and of course we're in that category too, as you well know)?

Not so important, but we're curious: What's with the "dominatrix" bit? Is this just individual kinkiness or part of a system?

Love Jackie &  
Pierre

PS - what type of business are you starting?

Dear Jacqueline and Pierre

Good questions, and difficult—I've had to get help from Luke and especially from Vivian (the two other verbal types in our family besides me) to answer them. First question: we don't preach or talk about polyfidelity to the community, nor do we hide anything. They like us a lot, consider us a bit weird, but basically aren't that curious—yet. We're fairly active in the community, especially those of us who spend most time with the kids. The school is a top-notch private one, with very open-minded and tolerant attitudes. We expect that sooner or later there will be clashes of worldviews. We're preparing to deal with them now. Jonathan and Colleen are excellent lawyers, which is very lucky for us. They have already designed some innovative contracts to protect the kids and provide for future unforeseen problems.

Second question: yes, it does help to have money. So what? Social change has to start somewhere, and history shows that it's often among the privileged classes. But that doesn't mean it's primarily destined for them—as other forms of family begin to spread and gain recognition (changing your social gravitational field), it will become much easier for people of all strata to live like this—especially when they realize it's a hell of a lot cheaper and more efficient...

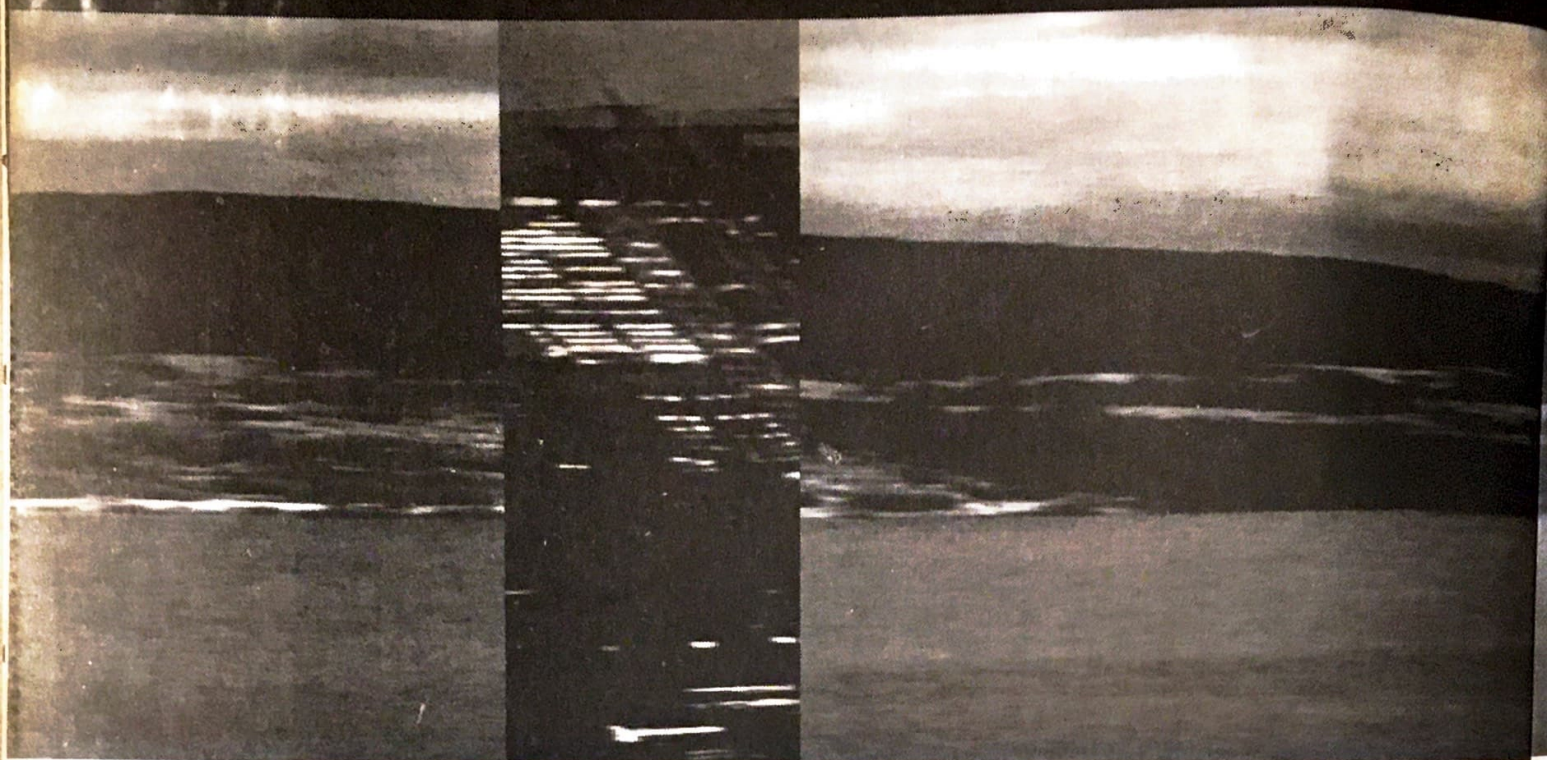
I wish I (or rather we) had more time to answer your questions, but this new business is really an all-consuming thing at this point. What we're starting is a therapy center. The majority of us are licensed psychotherapists or doctors as it turns out. We got the idea from other polyfamilies who have started their own very successful therapy clinics. Who knows how many clinics are already being run by the likes of us? It's all part of a cosmic mind-takeover plot, heh heh...

Love,  
Lisa

PS: oh yes, Vivian says that being a dominatrix (or slave) is individually alright, but refuses to use pejorative terms like "kinky". Almost everyone has strange sexual fantasies which they are embarrassed to talk about, and we are very supportive of getting these out in the open—most of them fade away or change when they are fulfilled and treated as normal, but Jonathan needs domination on a fairly regular basis (he is the boss of a very wealthy and influential law firm on the "outside", and needs relief from the machismo of that role)...and Vivian has a special "vocation" you might say, for helping him and others who need this.



# The \$trench



With the issue at hand being Sex, Politics, Religion, and Food, I'll peel the banana and get right to the fruit: money.

You hate it, you love it. You need it. It's the oppressive economic absurdity in which we're all drenched. The engine of the European Work and War Machine. The sprockets of monolithic Babylon (as all the Rastas and Rainbow Hippies will rant at ya).

The major drag is that to live and play and eat and fuck anywhere slightly outside the cracks of Babylon, you have to pay.

Now for me, a young lad nursed on television, raised on LSD, and schooled by various barely-sensical French Dudes, Babylon is a complex fascination. I'm a sucker for Industrial Lights and Magic, the toys, the records, the net, the glossy post-human sexiness. I feel compelled by its captivating absurdity to become a spoke in its wheel...and simultaneously to fight it every step of the way.

So I fly to Los Angeles.

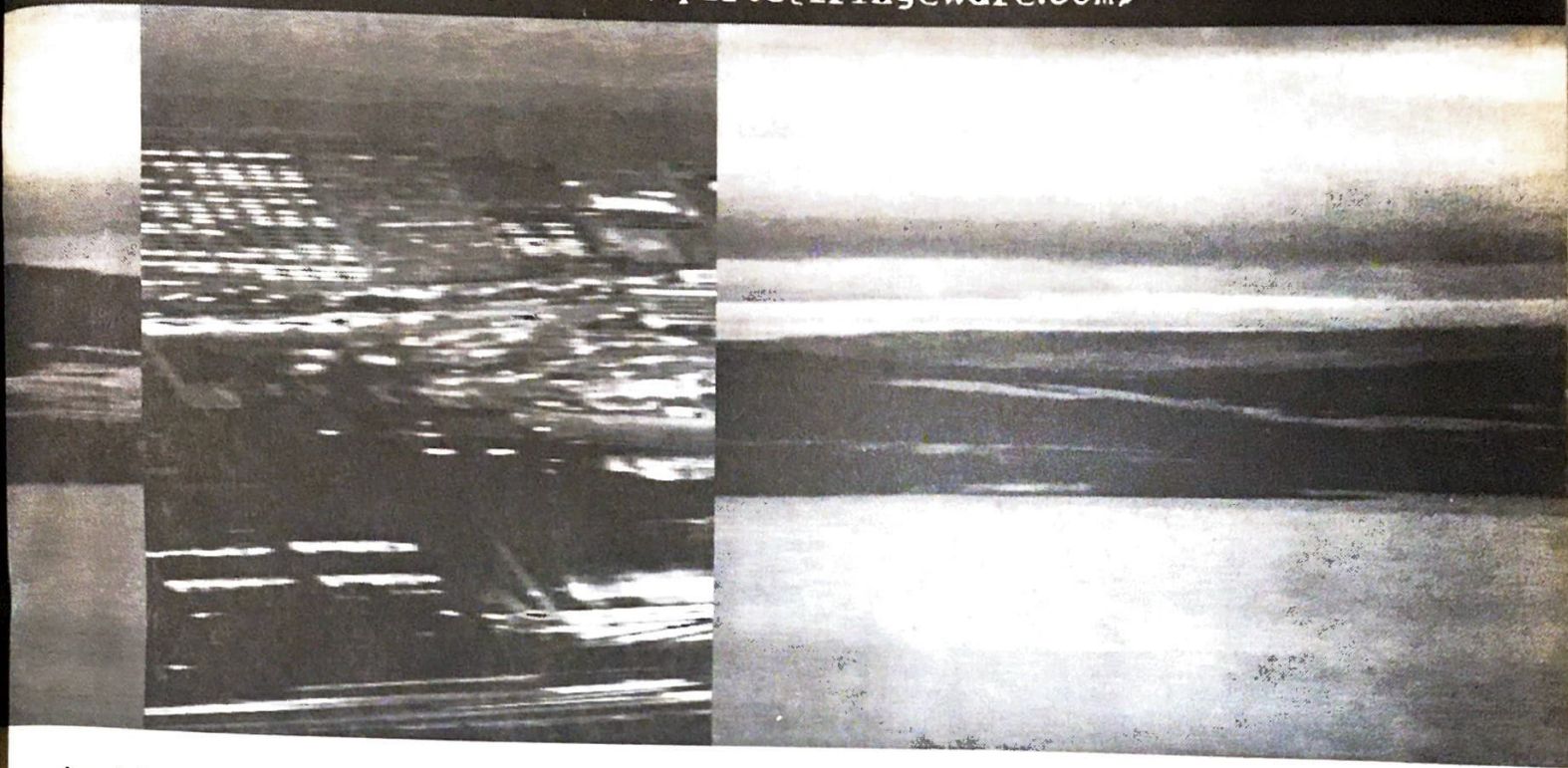
Besides reveling in the geomantic aura of The Illusion Factory, witnessing the sucking of people's souls & the molding of people's dreams into consumer fetishism and ideals of "making it," I was there for the Interactive Media Festival (IMF): a hoity-toity exhibit of the most innovative, captivating, blah-blah-blah interactive works of art.

"We are entering the symbolic territory of information. Electronic communication today describes a crucial aspect of the relationship between the individual and society in a technologically mediated world. Data representations are becoming both more lifelike and more participatory. We resort to biological metaphors to describe technological behaviors, and apply technology to model and understand our complex world. As technologies acquire the attributes of creativity and intelligence, we can legitimately wonder about the relationship between culture and technology...Clearly there is a new type of information infrastructure emerging, a hybrid de-



# f Money

by Spiro(s) Antonopoulos <spiros@fringeware.com>



rived from the convergence of the fields of art, entertainment, business and technology.”

The above quote was lifted from the festival’s program. Re-reading it, I sense some sort of apocalyptic event, that there’s vampyric alien entities and “they” manifest by sucking people’s energies. “They” are known as corporations, but that’s only an embryonic stage in their development. They can become more actualized and interfaced with humans via technology. They are guiding us, giving us sales pitches like the one above, and entrancing us into building shells for their energies. We don’t “resort” to biological metaphors, we are puppeted, through the machine, to build a better machine realm, one that herniates into our biological world even moreso. The skeletal structure enabling the siphoning of people’s souls, energy, ambitions, and fantasies is money, the flesh is manufactured by Hollywood.

Oh yeah, the IMF was mega-sponsored by Motorola, and during the opening ceremony, a corporate zombie-VP ended with this statement of purpose: **“Motorola realizes**

**that you don’t need technology to communicate, but we’d prefer if you did.”**

The tension between individual autonomy and selling out was thematic of the conference, especially with the VRMN, an ad hoc group of modellers and hackers who constructed a 3D online version of the IMF’s Gallery using VRML. It was all the buzz of the conference. The World Wide Web in 3D. The Men-In- Mostly-Blue-&-Gray, the corporate vultures, had dollar signs in their eyes causing them to foam at the mouth. The VRMN seemed largely composed of individuals exuding that distinctly Californian hippy-hipster nerd vibe; and from the outside, it seemed that the temptation to “sell-out” and get a kooshy high-paying gig was unavoidable. Not that corporate living is all that bad either, but one of these Men-In-Mostly-Blue-&-Gray was feverishly arguing, in the formal



VRML Panel Discussion, for manufactured scarcity in these net-based VRML worlds, so that the economics works better. What a fucking scumbag. Import scarcity? Off with his head!

That was the scene. Some of the exhibits were pretty groovy. Some were beautiful. Some were scary (in that Big-Brother sort of way). Then, after shagging all the free food and booze we could muster, I returned home.

Just in time for the Rainbow Gathering.

Picture 20,000 smelly hippies in the woods. Actually, picture a post-apocalyp-

tic-style city on National Forest Land, where dreadlocks and piercings are the norm. Now don't get me wrong, hippies, as a generic stereotype, bug me batty. And groups of them tend to make me vomit. But I like these gatherings, and this year it happened to be within an hour's drive of my house in Taos, NM.

Reasons why I like them?: 1) No money. Everything is free (Food, Dope, etc.). 2) The kitchens. There had to be at least thirty of them. Some served fresh baked goods. Some served chai or coffee. All workers did so because they wanted to, not to make money or to make a living. There was a Pizza kitchen called Peace o'



**Stench Of Money, Dirty Hippies & Electric  
A Vague Babylon/Antibabylon Travelogue**



Pizza. A Krshna kitchen. etc... 3) The Music. I also usually hate quite a few of the drum circles that cross my path, but the drumming here was superb. There were folks rapping freestyle to a couple of doombeks. And there was no scarcity of bluegrass or gypsy music.

When you enter into the gathering, they say you are leaving Babylon and coming Home. Intellectually this is very cool, but the practice of various "Brothers" and "Sisters" crying out "Welcome Home!" every two minutes begins to torture the psyche.

Anyhow, I attempted to address the tension between Babylon and its Invasion-of-The-Body-

Snatchers agenda fueled by the engines of capital, and the cheesy but ultimately compassionate Rainbow Gathering. It's not really a question of preference. Both have their freakiness, both have extreme ugliness (just imagine any group of 20,000 hippies).

I returned to my home, which I pay rent to live in.

I went to McEvil and had a homeopathic small order of fries and a chocolate shake. And I re-adjusted to Babylon.



imulation...

VRML is another great acro brought to you by the gods of abbreviautomaton. It stands for Virtual Reality Modeling Language, cf. HTML HyperText Markup Language. It's a standard for creating three-dimensional virtual worlds in cyberspace. Please see p.21...



# FILTERS

by DMZ & PXN <filters@fringeware.com>

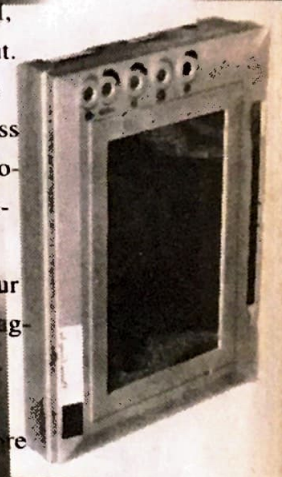
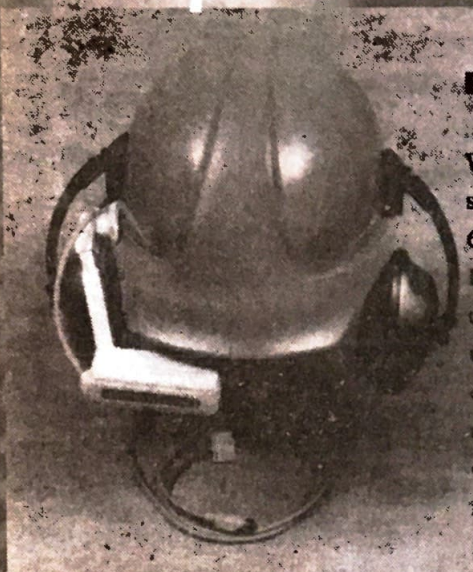
**FILTERS Magazine: An Urban Survival Guide for a Doomed Society.** Our ability to create and manipulate tools has been the principle catalyst propelling us down the timeline. Tools have granted us amazing freedoms, horrific disasters, toxic shock and elation. But along with these inventions, we've created a duality of limitless proportions: technology alternatively saves our lives, yet dooms us all. No matter what you think of tools, once we jumped off the path of natural evolution, we condemned ourselves forever to a dependency on them. There is no turning back, no recourse, no u-turn to the flow. Love them or hate them, you cannot live without our tools and technology. This is not about hunting and gathering sustenance any longer; our survival on a day to day basis now depends on our ability to manipulate information and stay alive long enough to use it. The FILTERS section of FWR is designed to wade through the quagmire of products and information out there, and report what we think will be the keys to the future. And perhaps help you have a damn good time on the way there.

**information is fluid, we are your filter**

## Phoenix-2: Ragged Portable

Imagine a 486DX-33 machine built into a box slightly larger than a WalkMan. Imagine being able to drop said box one meter onto concrete, submerge it under water—with no damage. Imagine up to 32 Mb RAM, 680 Mb of disk, vox recognition, overlaid heads-up display, pen input. Imagine your choice of DOS, Windows, OS/2 or Unix. Imagine all the connectors you generally enjoy, even SCSI. Imagine cellular or wireless networking, with 10Mbit/sec Ethernet. Imagine PCMCIA slots for GPS locator, 80 Mb nonvol flash RAM, fax modem, etc. Imagine web belt peripherals, including thermal printer, with a basic system weight under one kg. Imagine running six hours on one battery, with a mere one-hour recharge cycle. Imagine package list prices starting under US\$4K. Imagine what you could do at a club, in da Hood, or on the floor at Wall St.

One need not imagine: I've used it in their lab out on Long Island. Works great. Nice folks. Sharp engineers. Great product. Get one before one gets you: **Phoenix Group Inc., +1 516 349 1913 /PXN/**



## GEMINI mixers

I don't know what's causing it, but it seems like these days everyone wants to be a DJ. That may bother some folk, but not GEMINI, inc. No sireeeBOB, about three years ago they spearheaded a movement to bring DJ gear out of the hands of elitists by making affordable mixers with cool options. Removable crossfaders, transform (strobing) switches, and low and hi band EQs. All for about 100.00 bucks mail-order. They even offer a stripped-down "trix" unit for people who just wanna scratch. Down side is they don't produce the cleanest signal in the world, but hey, they get the job done. If you wanna be a DJ, grab two TurnTables with pitch control, a PA system, and one of these babies!

PMX-7 Trick Master: list \$126.50 / mail order \$80

PMX-12a Scratch Master: list \$149 / mail order \$95.50

PMX-15a Scratch Master: list \$172 / mail order \$109.50

mail order prices from: **Pro Sound & Stage Lighting +1 800 945 9300;**

**GEMINI inc., +1 908 969 9000 [DMZ]**





## Iron Feather Journal

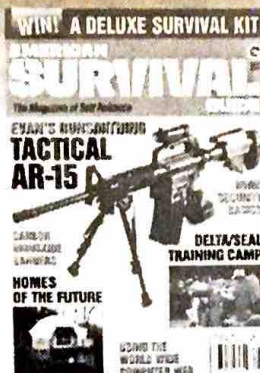
Brain-salad culture-hacking at its best. Real zinester commitment, too...

editor Stevyn sez, in issue 14, that he's been outta work, and it was a big deal just

to get the **ELECTRICITY** he needed to assemble the issue, which is some 130 pages chock fulla hacks on everything from reality (through Magick) to pe-tices (spike 'em! like ya do trees! eek!)... And there's more... hacking copier cards, voice messaging, media hells, the Rusty 'n Edie story, etc. etc. etc.

Sez Stevyn, "My dear phriend labels iron feather (1) immature (2) closed minded... Shyt, how can I argue with that? What do you say? ...I do my best...<?>"

Stevyn's best is good enuf for us... Looks like five bucks an issue... order now! **PHUN Inc, POB 1905, Boulder CO 80306 [JL]**



## AMERICAN SURVIVAL GUIDE

Tired of it all? Want to get away? Finally convinced that FEMA has your phone tapped, and you just can't take it anymore? Well, have no fear, the **AMERICAN SURVIVAL GUIDE** can help! Called the "Magazine of Self Reliance", this publication covers all the survivalist bases, and can help smooth your transition from wimpy civilian life into post apocalyptic freedom. From

articles on cutting edge survival tricks, to reviews of the latest products, this magazine is a must for the conspiracy-minded, the paranoid, or folx who just wanna be ready. OK, so maybe some articles aren't written by pros, and there are a few typos here and there, who cares? the end is nigh, right?

ASG's Sep '95 issue features articles ranging from beautifully out-of-hand anti-Clinton rants to quire eloquent, level headed articles about the militia movement. More interesting, however, are the articles on herbal medicine and DIY geodesic dome houses. Best of all, the adverts and product reviews list tons of addresses for every need from solar panels to survival pants. Of course they have tons to say about "home defense" and "those damn assault weapons bans", but who doesn't? Oh yeah, they even have a section on the World Wide Web. Knowledge is power, baby! **American Survival Guide, McMullen & Yee Publishing, Inc., PO Box 68033, Anaheim CA 92817-0833, +1 714 693 1866 subs, +1 714 572 2255 info; US\$19.95 for 12 issues. [DMZ]**

## Sled Dogs

*Imagine This:* you're scrunching through the snow in yer slogboots when you hear a distant bark with a bit o' weird phasing on it, and as the bark grows louder you hear a distinct techno thrash behind it. Suddenly a dark spot emerges over the horizon, grows larger, and...**KAZANGO!** It's a whole **TEAM** of skaters, with full musical accompaniment, some of the more acrobatic doing full somersaults and landing right back on there er uh **SKATES?** on the **SNOW?** By gopod, it's true! The world is going to the Dogs, as they say, and these particular Dogs are Sled Dogs, i.e. snow skates, kinda like abbreviated skis for the snow-enhanced. The creators of these icy foohicles won't stop where the pedal hits the snow...they're intently crafting the coolest multimedia to stew yer brain while you're waiting for the flakes to come. But don't believe us, call The Sled Dogs

Company now! +1 800 SKATE-ON [JL]





**Demandra's Holiday: every trip needs a soundtrack...** While working on my column for FWR#9, I was travelling across the nation during the incredible heatwave. The thick suffocating heat probably gave me more inspiration cuz you know we here at FWR work better when we're suffering. However, on a more pleasant note, I did set my eyes upon many mountains, beaches, lakes, deserts, sunsets, forests and canyons. The glorious beauty of the Pacific Northwest blew me away. As my deadline drew near, I began to see live shows and listen to more music on my WalkMan. Actually, I listened to my live bootleg Björk tape over and over, but I need not fill this column with a rave review of Björk, the entire world is already gaga over her. Everyone already knows how amazing she is. Anyway, I hope you enjoy this column as much as I enjoyed writing it while on my vacation—ha! And remember, my babies, lovers and the disembodied: (a) Demandra is no real critic, so I can't be held responsible for my blatant lack of professionalism; (b) however, my opinion is incredible and my tastes are impeccable.

Love and Big kisses,

Demandra

**Stitch • Stone Lounge, 11 Jul 95 • Tampa FL**

I don't enjoy most cities in Florida, but Tampa is bearable for a night or two. I found a nice, secluded private beach, played in the water, picked a few broken shells for my lover and then ate at the Hungry Fishermen. I filled up on crabs, clam and scallops, washed up and went to the Stone Lounge. The Stone Lounge is the best club in Tampa to see local and touring indie acts. As I explored the interior and its people, I noticed how short and innocent everyone was. I felt like a surrogate Big Sister. It turns out **Stitch** are in high school. I was so relieved and happy to see this bubbling trio on stage sounding like some-group between the **Blake Babies** and a less jaded, more youthful K Records band. Maybe their innocence made this pop punk more enjoyable. Joelle, the singer/bassist, told me she just wants to rock and have fun. They were *so fucking happy* to be playing. They are a visual spectacle of delight: there's the gorgeous androgynous Joelle, the **Teddy Bear** guitarist/singer Suzi, and a tiny boy drummer on stage making me dizzy with his *de de tah de...* over and over again. They work well together: perfectly fitted puzzle pieces. Loosen up your bitter bowels and wrinkled foreheads with **Stitch**. They've only been around for a year and a half so they don't have a demo. I will inform you as soon as one is available. Pay attention, Floridians, before they turn 20! [D]

**Supergrass • The Point, 15 Jul 95 • Atlanta GA**

There's this hip district in Atlanta called 5 Points, where you'll find restaurants, bars, clubs and lots of gutter punks. The Point has a kind of atmosphere I like: gnarly yet organised. Kids are tattooed and friendly, bald yet full of smiles, hairy yet sweet.

**Supergrass**—from Oxford UK—packed the house and blew me away. In the very recent past I heard the single "Alright" but couldn't pinpoint the band. At various clubs around the nation, on the P.A., in between sets, I wondered: "Who is this? Who does this incredible song?" It was love at first listen. I remem-

ber running around Toads-On-The-Dock in Houston: "Who's this playing on the jukebox? Who's this?" All the responses were, "Dunno, it's new, dunno... dunno." Anyway, **Supergrass** hops on the stage and half way into their set I'm screaming "Oh my God, that's that song!" (*Ohhhh, the power of mass media*). Somewhere, a little aural seed was planted, so when the time came for me to actually see the band, I felt like I already knew half the songs, but that's also the magic of **Supergrass**. They write incredibly catchy songs, and Mickey (bassist) and Gaz (guitarist) sing together as if they met in the local school boys choir. Sometimes they remind me of early **Beatles** because of their highly impressive melodies and the short, tight nature of their songs. Other times Gaz seemed like a hairier **Mick Jagger**; a Planet of the Apes Mick. The drummer hit as hard as his 100-pound body would allow. I was amused by his big bug eyes and flailing arms. Although their influences are classic, they have their own spice. **Supergrass** can hold its own. They possess charisma, stage presence and a general happy vibe. Their new album, *I Should Coco*, is chock full o' bouncy hits. Lucky in their indestructible youth, these boys age between 19-24. Surprisingly, Gaz—the hairiest—is the youngest. [D]

*Supergrass, c/o Cema Distribution*  
3500 Parkway Ln, Suite 100  
Norcross, GA 30092

**CHUMBAWAMBA • Mercury Lounge, 25 Jul 95 • NYC**

Of course everyone knows that in NYC you can see, hear and do just about anything. If you are not afraid of 12 million people crammed onto a few islands and 15 million taxis then go! Tonight was a busy night. First of all, I had to watch the middle band at Brownies then rush down to catch **Chumbawamba** who were headlining. The rest of my gang, and my ride, for that matter, were back at Brownies, so I had to make the most of every minute.

**Chumba** has eight people: keyboards, bass, drums, percussion, trumpet, guitar, and a couple of



vocalists. Actually, most of **Chumba** sings. Certain members switch off from singing to percussion, to keyboards, to simply dancing. Danbert Nobacon (vocalist/theatrical-performer/dancer) and Alice Nutter (vocalist/percussion/modern-dancer/performer) do most of the singing. Alice and Danbert are frequently moving, gyrating, and molding their faces. They have lots of props to accompany their performances: boxing gloves, a Nun outfit, a couple of cool masks, and a mighty cloth crown-cum-jester's-coxcomb. The vocals stand out in **Chumba**, with elaborate five-part harmonies and sometimes whole-band *a capella*. All songs are magnificent and danceable! They played all the hits ("Mouthful", "Timebomb", "Anarchist", "Nazi") and a bunch of new songs. **Chumba** songs are political, but that doesn't mean their presentation has to be forceful and preachy like most bands with political agendas. Instead, these songs are fun and make you want to sing at the top of your lungs, swing your mug of beer and shake your ass! This lot are no babies to the world of music. They are probably all in their thirties and some of the members have been playing together since they were kids. *Shhh* and *Anarchy* (see *FWR#8*) are the albums to listen to and I'm sure with all the new songs on their set list, they will probably release a new album soon. *Pictures of Starving Children Sell Records*, *Never Mind the Bal-lots*, *English Rebel Songs*, and *Slap!* were all re-released in England recently by their new label (One Little Indian) and all sat together in the top twenty of the alternative chart alongside their latest release—*Showbusiness! (Chumbawamba live)*. Unfortunately, they are not very well known in the States. I was really lucky to see them; it was a rare and most sacred opportunity. These anarchists from Leeds are busy jet-setting across the world—as I write this, they are on their way to play in Hungary. [D]

*Chumbawamba*

PO Box TR 666 / Leeds LS12 3JX, UK

**Edison Shine** • *The Stone Longue*, 11 Jul 95 • Tampa FL

Sometimes you see a band that changes things for you a little bit. Such is the case with Tampa's newly reformed **Edison Shine**, who reached out with their squiggly little tentacles and dragged me out of the van and into the club, just to see what was going on.

Vocalist/guitarist Gerald Hammill nonchalantly led us to a veritable buffet table of succulent sounds. Standouts were "Modulator", "Suburban Compound", and "Cowgirl 3000". Alongside bassplayer/babe-magnet Steve Osborn, and drummer Kevin Pytlak, a **Stewart Copeland/Clem Burke** hybrid in

his own right, Hammill, after six years and various incarnations of the band, has finally discovered the proverbial lightbulb and switched it ON. Their music was smart, funny, easy to listen to, yet they still managed to be modest as hell about it all. As references I might mention the irreverence of **Pavement**, the cool guitar stylings of the **Archers of Loaf**, and the hooks of **Weezer**. But that wouldn't be telling the whole story. Because while I heard flashes of those other bands in their songs, what **Edison Shine** really sounds like is **Edison Shine**, and that's a very good thing. Hey, did I say I loved these guys? [*Ace Bondage*]

**Lida Husik** • *Joyride LP* • Caroline Records 1995

As I travel for many miles across the country, I think of home and silent solitude. I think of my family, friends and my little dog, Isaac. I think of my lover often. I get nostalgic and melancholic. I wax and wane. I need a soundtrack for my emotional and physical journey. I gain unwanted clarity the farther I am away from home. **Lida Husik** suits my transient state. She reminds me of my other favorite artists with dark, husky voices and honest cerebral poetic lyrics. **Lisa Germano** and **Liz Phair** (in her *Exile in Guysville* days) come to mind. The guitars are as psychedelic as the **13th Floor Elevators**. The layered vocals add to this comforting incense psychedelia. I love music fuelled by depression and alienation when it is presented in such a mystical way. "Flower of the Hour" sticks with you like patchouli. Consciousness exploration and narcissism are found in "Glorious"... There are several personalities presented in Lida's songs: there is the sweet, mystical and lifting, there is the tough, stubborn and jaded, and finally the ironic and satirical voice balances to prevent "easy listening". The deep, sexy voice is the most alluring for me. Her seductive personality lures you in and makes you either sombre or in need of long, passionate sex. My favorite songs are "Sweet Lavender", "Donkey Pot", and "Mickey Minnie". I also appreciate her use of metaphors like "Night Jewel" for the moon. "Walking through a golden afternoon I said. I love every moment that I've been inside my brain. I love every moment and I'd do it all again. I will never be apart. Isn't that a beautiful thing?" Maybe I'm connected to those thoughts at the moment as I ride in the van and desire to sink in my head and become invisible. [D]

*Lida Husik, c/o Caroline Records*

114 W 26th St, 11th Floor / NY, NY 10001

Pick Yer Nøise

by Demandra <demandra@fringeaware.com>

FRINGE WARE REVIEW

951





# FringeWare Inc.

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<http://www.fringeware.com>

| TITLE   | AUTHOR | WEIGHT | PRICE   |
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Circle card type: **VISA MasterCard Discover**Print name as it appears on card: Expiration date: Signature: 

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comments  
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ZINE-0101

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148g



### Fringe Ware Review #1 by FringeWare, Inc.

Premier Issue. Survival on the margins of cyberculture. Tom Jennings, Bob Black, gonzo fiction by Don Webb, etc.



ZINE-0102

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### Fringe Ware Review #2 by FringeWare, Inc.

Survival Issue. Cyborgnix, Applied Memetics, Info Economics, etc. Mindfood truck-stop on the Information Super-yaweh.



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### Fringe Ware Review #3 by FringeWare, Inc.

The Environmental Issue (media environs). David Blair on WAX, discourse on media environs. Ivan Stang i.v. by Wiley Wiggins, stories by Don Webb, Erika Whiteway and more. Winner of 1994 Editor's Choice award by Factsheet Five.



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### Fringe Ware Review #4 by FringeWare, Inc.

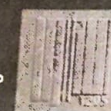
Psyberchix Issue. Special guest editors Erika Whiteway and Tiffany Lee Brown on gender viz. virtual community and media.



ZINE-0105

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### Fringe Ware Review #5 by FringeWare, Inc.

Stay Awake Issue. Jon Lebkowsky edits, John Shirley on Gurdjieff, Erik Davis, Jerod Pore, UFO resources, Schwa cover.



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### Fringe Ware Review #6 by FringeWare, Inc.

Issue #6(66). Don Webb edits with Ron Hale-Evans, Edred Thorssen, Tiffany Lee Brown, Erika Whiteway and more on Temple of Set, Gothick origins, darkness, magick, goats and Satan.



ZINE-0107

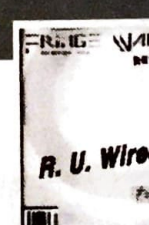
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### Fringe Ware Review #7 by FringeWare, Inc.

WelrD Issue...R.U.Wired? Paco Xander Nathan edits a parody of Wired magazine, with features on Genesis P-Orridge, McLuhan Center, DIY Infobotics and nEuroRancid (a parody of Neuromancer).



ZINE-0108

\$5.00

148g



### Fringe Ware Review #8 by FringeWare, Inc.

Fringe LifeStyles: Tiffany Lee Brown & Erika Whiteway edit this issue featuring the finer points of squatting, Barbie, aging, an interview w/ Robert Anton Wilson & the usual chaos.



ZINE-0004

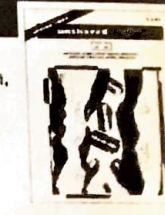
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### Unshaved Truths #4 by FringeWare, Inc.

Cyborgnic gonzo fiction: "network, elves, horses, dreams, elevator, carcrash, dallas, morphs". Don Webb, Wendy Wheeler, Jon Lebkowsky, Milton Gomez, C.A. Rumbaut and more.



CHEM-0303

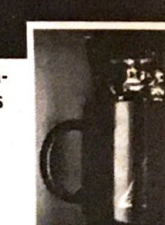
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### Illuminati Pyramid Mug by Chessex

Black porcelain with red Illuminati pyramid. Proof that caffeine consumption is essential to any world domination conspiracy.



CHEM-0300

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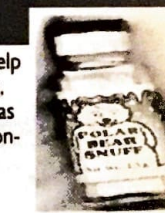
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A very popular bit of herbal snuff to help wake you up for a long night of driving, writing, hacking or whatever. "This shameless little concoction has always been our most popular herbal toy." White powder that contains caffeine crystals, red ginseng, kava kava, menthol crystals, clove & wintergreen oils. 2.5g.



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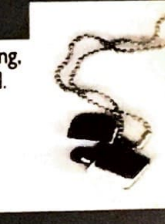
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75g



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1" by 5/8" zippo style lighter on 28" long, fine nickel-plated ball chain. Gift boxed.



GZMO-0031

\$16.00

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### Circuit Board Binder by Tecnotes

30 by 24 cm 3-ring binder, with steel polyhinge. Made from recycled circuit boards. Colors and designs vary with sources.



GZMO-0030

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### Circuit Board Clipboard by Tecnotes

33 by 24 cm clipboard made from recycled circuit boards. Colors and designs vary with sources.






**GROK-0333**  
\$199.99  
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**Synchronvision's Brain Machine**  
by Synchronvision, Inc.

The FDA requires that the manufacturer state that these devices are not intended to alter brain wave patterns. However, scientific research has shown that certain sequences of flashing lights and sound pulses can dramatically alter brain wave patterns, and even recreate specific brainwave states (i.e. rest, high activity, etc.) The Synchronvision set includes headphones, eyeglasses with LEDs mounted on the lenses, & a compact unit (which can be connected to audio equipment) which regulates the pulses in the glasses & headphones, as well as 4 CD's especially designed & produced by Synchronvision to maximize your inner experience. A perfect companion for a portable CD player.




**GROK-0010**  
\$16.95  
270g




**Day Dreamer**  
by Alpha Odysseys

Made from purple plastic, this device vaguely resembles a diving mask... great for your next dive into the Neuroverse! You look toward the nearest star with eyes closed, then blow into a tube with long, deep breaths, which causes the device's inner disk to rotate. Strobed natural light on closed eyelids produces photic stimulation, which combines with paced breathing for a wonderfully vivid, kaleidoscopic experience. One of the most intense brain machines available for its low cost/performance — so long as you have sunlight and breath to invest in clearing your mental cobwebs...




**GZMO-0334**  
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**Rave Man**  
Synchronvision

The latest toy from the engineers at Synchronvision, the Rave Man unit allows the user to accept ambient sound input and convert it into synched visual & sound inputs via the included LED eyeglasses & headphones. Perfect for raves & concerts.




**GZMO-0080**  
\$199.95  
185g



**FRED14**  
by Robitron Software Research

Natural language one-liner dialog generator AI. Used for the FRED13 topic of the "mondo" conference on the WELL DOS or Unix. Call about source license. Great for intelligent agents online.



**GZMO-2600**  
\$12.50  
177g




**Yak Bak**  
by YES! Entertainment Corp

This is a compact digital recorder with 6 seconds of memory & a simple 2 button interface. The manufacturer suggests "Record your parents saying 'Get that weird-looking thing outta here!'; Record your older brother snoring. Play it back to his girlfriend; Record your dog barking, then scare the heck out of your sister." We had some other ideas... The rugged plastic case is made of red transparent plastic, easily concealed in your palm, & fits in a shirt pocket. What were they thinking when they made these? Manufacturer recommends ages 8 and up.

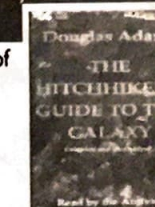


**HEAR-0101**  
\$24.95  
175g




**Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy (audio)**  
by Douglas Adams

Hear the novel that spawned a trilogy of six books. The entire novel unabridged, read by the author on 4 cassettes, 6 hours. Towel not included.

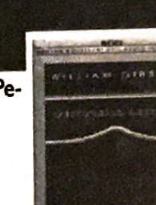


**HEAR-0111**  
\$16.99  
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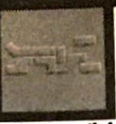


**Virtual Light (Audio)**  
by Gibson, William

William Gibson's latest novel, read by Peter Weller (The actor who played both Buckaroo Banzai & Robocop). 2 cassettes, 180 minutes.



**HEAR-0100**  
\$17.00  
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**Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?**  
by Phillip K Dick


**2 CASSETTES, 3 HOURS**  
**READ BY MATTHEW MODINE & CALISTA FLOCKHART. AN ABRIDGED VERSION OF THE NOVEL THAT INSPIRED "BLADE RUNNER"**

**Neuromancer (Audio)**  
by William Gibson

4 cassettes, 6 hours. Read by William Gibson. Full of stereophonic effects & music, this is a truly haunting version of Neuromancer. No word on Count Zero & Mona Lisa Overdrive, yet.




**MELT-0001**  
\$35.00  
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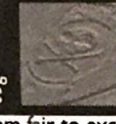


**Beyond Cyberpunk! stack v1.5**  
by The Computer Lab

Attention Citizen! New Update! Multimedia tour-de-force of art, literature, thought and practice in a postmodern/cyberpunk genre. "Like scuba diving in an Encyclopedia." Requires HyperCard 2.x: coolest stack on the planet. Peter Sugarman, Gareth Branwyn, Mark Frauenfelder, Bruce Sterling, Richard Kadrey, Paul Di Filippo, Steve Brown, Hakim Bey, Rudy Rucker and even other famous people working under pseudonyms, all cross linked via hypertext with industrial sound track, animation clips, digital book marks and a dictionary that pronounces its terms. "You must open your eyes, ears, and minds to the river of information that is growing exponentially... in raging turbulence... beyond anyone's ability to comprehend... you may find yourself washed up onto an alien shore someday, and you'd better be ready!"




**HEAR-02XX**  
\$10.00  
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**Interview Tapes**  
by INGREAT UNLIMITED

These interview tapes are from 2nd & 3rd generation dubbing. Sound quality ranges from fair to excellent. Most tapes are between 30 to 90 minutes in length. Tapes complete with illustrated & printed J-cards & labels. Choose from the following selections:

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\$25.00  
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**Complete Stamp Set**  
by PyroDise

A complete set of the current 33 PyroDise stamps.




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\$5.00  
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by PyroDise

Full color on gummed paper. Random mix of 6 commemorative issues featuring Waco TX, Dr. Kevorkian, James Brown, Tonya Harding, WTC Bombing, Gulf War Friendly Fire, Flag Burning (1st Amendment), KILL/HATE/WAR, Michael Jackson, and so forth.. Reminiscent of USPS stamps.





GROK-2012

\$54.00

93g



### Time Wave Explorer (DOS)

by Blue Water Publishing

Software illustrating ethnobotanist Terence McKenna's theory of time and history as a fractal wave. He often states this as his only piece of original work. "Derived from the King Wen Sequence of I Ching hexagrams. Based on extraterrestrial communications." Also DOS version includes Mayan Calendrics: Some of the best Mayan calendrical date conversion software available. Lets you explore several different hypotheses (Tikal, etc.) compared with Western calendrics (Julian, Gregorian, etc.) Developed by Peter Meyer. Package includes an audio tape of Terence McKenna explaining the software. System requirements: MS DOS 2.1 & later, EGA or better graphics adaptor, printer supported by DOS Graphics Utility.Com. On a 3.5" disk.



GROK-2013

\$40.00

83g



### Time Wave Surfer (MAC)

by Blue Water Publishing

Software illustrating ethnobotanist Terence McKenna's theory of time and history as a fractal wave. He often states this as his only piece of original work. "Derived from the King Wen Sequence of I Ching hexagrams. Based on extraterrestrial communications." Mac version does not include Mayan Calendrics. Includes an audio tape of Terence McKenna explaining the software. System requirements: Macintosh system 6.05 or later, 7.0 or later, 1.7 MB RAM.



MELT-0035

\$15.00

37g



### Ambulance

by Electronic Hollywood

Sound-tracked horror novel of five LA post-collegiate twenty-something posers. Upon John's release from rehab, they crash their car in a deserted stretch of Hollywood Hills and get picked up by a serial killer masquerading as an ambulance driver. Non-linear story by Monica Moran lets you choose doors, windows to alter the plot. Hypertext links for plot clues and mind-wrenching animation by Jaime Levy (author of the recent Billy Idol's Cyberpunk disk), artwork by Jaime Hernandez of Love and Rockets, soundtrack by Mike Watt of FIREHOSE. Requires: Mac w/ 6.0.7 or later, 2 Mb RAM, shipped on 1.4 Mb floppy.



MELT-0032

\$6.00

37g



### Cyber Rag III

by Electronic Hollywood

"CYBER RAG 3" rules all 3 in terms of content & bad-ass interface design in a decaying black-n-white world. It is self-contained with its own projector because it was programmed in Macro-Mind Director. It includes animated poems, a bitchy editorial, samples, & reviews of 3 trade shows including Cyberthon, CyberArts, & Virtual Reality 1990.



MELT-0033

\$6.00

37g



### Electronic Hollywood I

by Electronic Hollywood

"ELECTRONIC HOLLYWOOD" is the new "Cyber Rag" covering events & experiences that happen in Los Angeles. It is programmed in MacroMind Director 'Lingo' & runs on any color Macintosh. Includes industrial noise samples, reviews about: Rave parties, Siggraph, Interntainment 91, & a Greater Bay Area dis.



MELT-0034

\$6.00

37g



### Electronic Hollywood II

by Electronic Hollywood

"ELECTRONIC HOLLYWOOD II" is the Digital Riot issue. Has the same color interface design of the 1st Electronic Hollywood, but more slick digitized images. It contains the usual hateful editorial, reviews of the LA Riot, Verbum Human Be-in SF, & Home Media Expo in LA. Plus samples & reviews from 2 great California Bands: Ethyl Meatplop & The Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy.



MELT-0023

\$10.00

43g



### PGP 3 (aka PornoWriter)

by Lamprey Systems

Adults only! "Sick, drugs, immorality, perversion - garbage lifestyles!" Hey, why let other people have all the fun? With this Mac software, you too can generate all those languid texts found between the glossy sheets. Ultra cool sound fx.



MELT-0030

\$6.00

37g



### Cyber Rag I

by Electronic Hollywood

Mac electronic publications from premiere techno-punk electronic zinester Jaime Levy. Mondo 2000 #7: "Angst animations, premenstrual poetry, rambunctious reviews, seductive sound samples" as well as subversive info for all. Started out as a student project that frankly just took over. Electronic muchomedia with cutting insight, captivating production and a severe attitude! Each issue editorializes the frustrations of big city life from a Post-Boomer POV as La Editrix wanders from NYC to SF to LA to NYC to SF to LA to... The 1st edition of "CYBER RAG" was made in HyperCard & is a Mac disk filled with bizarre pictures, sound, animation & words. 3 games including a brief quiz on the life & times of computer mogul Steve Jobs. Plus 2 pieces of hacker poetry.



MELT-0031

\$6.00

37g



### Cyber Rag II

by Electronic Hollywood

"CYBER RAG 2" was made in HyperCard & includes 2 animations & an interactive advertisement. 2 games included a graffiti Cher's face paintbox & a Concentration test of animated icons. It is tighter & cleaner than the 1st with more relevant information about current technology including a review of a Timothy Leary show.



MELT-0079

\$15.00

34g



### Cultures: From the Annotated Self

by BASE.ARTS

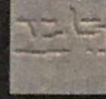
First in a series of disk-based solo exhibitions, featuring Sammy Cucher, who's work has been shown at MOMA, Ars Electronica, etc. "Digital images...inquiring into the relationship between art and science...akin to automatic writing." Specify Mac or PC.



MELT-0081

\$45.00

34g



### George Legrady: [the clearing]

by BASE.ARTS

Second in a series of disk-based solo exhibitions, featuring George Legrady. "A multi-level navigation of the Serbian/Bosnian conflict." Specify Mac or PC.



MELT-01XX

\$18.00

88g



### Electronic Books

by Voyager

Mac or Windows software for electronic versions of popular novels with illustrations, sounds, hypertext links, digital bookmarks and even hidden extras in the stories. Run word and phrase searches, add margin comments and end notes, highlight text, etc. "Electronic text is a dynamic medium that enables you to become a more active reader." Mac requires: System 6.0.7 or later w/ 31 cm or larger monitor, HyperCard 2.1, 1.4 Mb disks. Windows requires: 386SX or higher, 640x480, 16 color/grayscale display, 4 MB RAM, Microsoft Windows 3.1, MS-DOS 5.0 or later. MELT-0100: Neuromancer, Count Zero, Mona Lisa Overdrive • MELT-0105: Amusing Ourselves To Death / Brave New World • MELT-0103: Genius: Life & Science of R. Feynman • MELT-0104: Jurassic Park (w/ sounds) • MELT-0101: The Complete Annotated Alice • MELT-0102: The Complete Hitchhiker's Guide



MEME-0199

\$16.00

205g



### Complete Counter Schwa kit

by Schwa

"All the basic equipment for alien defense in one simple kit!" A brilliantly terrifying tale of alien abduction, told in a book that contains only symbols and illustrations. Kit also includes alien invasion survival keychain, cards, stickers, etc. F5 sez: "Whitney Strieber alien capture conspiracy virus attack! Suicide = redemption = money." A perfect intro text for surveying the stealth landscape of paranoia, alienation and disappearance. "Stay awake!"





**MEME-0200**  
\$16.00 205g

**Complete Schwa kit by Schwa**

"All the basic equipment ofr alien defense in one simple kit!" A brilliantly terrifying tale of alien abduction, told in a book that contains only symbols & illustrations. Kit also includes alien invasion survival keychain, cards, stickers... A perfect intro text for surveying the stealth landscape of paranoia, alienation & disappearance.



**MEME-0250**  
\$0.25 24g

**Schwa Emergency Mini-Flares (pack of 20) by Schwa**

A 'book' of Schwa Emergency Mini-Flares for use in case of power failure. Each Mini-Flare has a chemically treated tip which ignites into flame when subjected to friction against a specially treated surface located conveniently on the reverse of the packet. Pocket sized.



**SKIN-0911**  
\$17.00 273g

**Emergency Schwa Shirt by Schwa**

An urgent design featuring a flaming glo-in-the-dark alien head on black cotton cloth. Size XL only.



**MELT-1010**  
\$16.00 91g

**Schwa Institutional Screen Cleanser (With Boron) by Schwa**

Cleanse your IBM compatible computer monitors with this handy digital product, includes 6 different images, sounds, & yes, it even works with Windows 95.



**MEME-0201**  
\$1.00 26g

**Schwa Alien Invasion Survival card by Schwa**

"Identify aliens instantly with the amazing Xenon coated identifier" on a keychain. Includes: abduction rangefinder, lost time detector, abduction rules, saucer viewer, etc. Includes a peephole so that you can see what happens when they don't think you are watching.



**MEME-0221**  
\$1.25 4g

**Schwa: 4" Round Alien Head Sticker by Schwa**

A trimmed vinyl decal featuring the classic Schwa alien head, ideal for sending subliminal messages to passengers in the vehicle behind you.



**MEME-0225**  
\$1.00 10g

**Schwa Button by Schwa**

A black button with the classic Schwa head. Long lasting, Xenon coated finish. Handy metal needle on reverse allows you to pierce & affix image onto garments, etc.



**SKIN-0600**  
\$17.00 273g

**Schwa: Dance Forever Shirt by Schwa**

The classic Schwa stickperson dancing with a Schwa Alien mask in place. With this garment you truly will dance forever. XL, Black cotton, glo-in-the-dark ink.



**MEME-0205**  
\$7.00 199g

**Schwa Car Conversion kit by Schwa**

Why read when you could just sit and stare at things? Let people know that you know about them. Unofficial car conversion kit with complete set of vehicle stickers.



**MEME-0212**  
\$1.00 4g

**Schwa: Every Picture Tells A Lie by Schwa**

5 cm alien head sticker with "Every Picture Tells A Lie" motto. Help shape the future!



**SKIN-0299**  
\$17.00 85g

**Schwa Embroidered Corporate Cap by Schwa**

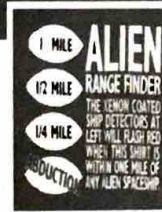
Black 100% cotton 'baseball' style cap with white embroidered alien head & the word 'SCHWA' beneath it. Attention Implantees: this item has been shown to interfere with alien transmissions. Please use with caution.



**SKIN-0602**  
\$17.00 273g

**Schwa: Range Finder Shirt by Schwa**

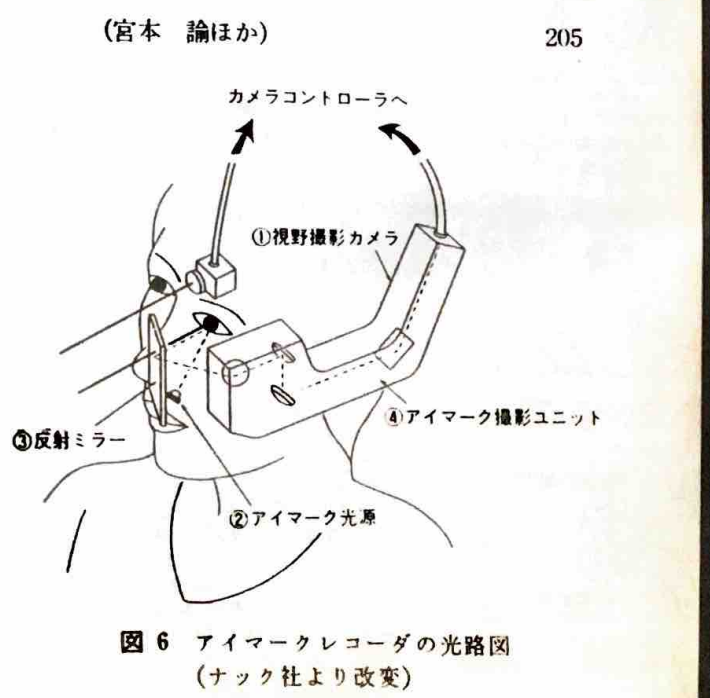
Just like the alien survival card the treated portions of this handy garment react to the presence of aliens. Sensitivity settings of 1, 1/2, 1/4 mile as well as a priceless abduction indicator. XL, Black cotton, glo-in-the-dark ink.



**SKIN-0601**  
\$17.00 273g

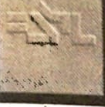

**Schwa: Warning Target Shirt by Schwa**

Schwa Alien in a bull's eye target with warning text "Warning! This image is 2 feet from your face & 2^9 seconds in the past. Light is pretty funny." XL, Black cotton, glo-in-the-dark ink.









**MEME-0000**  
\$1.95 26g  
Machine Screw stickers by FringeWare, Inc.  
Sheet of 12 stickers with a machine screw logo, approx. 5 cm square. Just about the same size as those ubiquitous "heart" stickers. You know what to do.



**MEME-0030**  
\$1.50 38g  
Yoyodyne Parking Permit by Pegasus  
Now you can safely park your vehicle in any of the eight dimensional slots. Transparent decal, 8 x 10 cm.



**MEME-0051**  
\$2.50 58g  
Area 51 Vehicle Pass by Area 51 Research Center  
The official vehicle pass, produced by the Area 51 Research Center. 4 x 6cm white vinyl sticker with the words 'Area 51' featured in red ink, plus lots of other important information that official things have on them. Put this on your car and They will wave you through the gate. (please note: this is an untested product.)



**MEME-008X**  
\$2.95 26g  
World's Greatest Computer Disk stickers by Black Eye Design  
That's right, these are really great. Each packet has 12 diskette labels, each with color artwork, infoburbs and plenty of space left over for labeling your bytes. Five collections available—specify style collection with your order... MEME-0081: Circus • MEME-0080: Dinosaurs • MEME-0084: Mystery • MEME-0083: SciFi • MEME-0082: Smiles



**MUSE-0010**  
\$10.00 108g  
Transmissions 1991-1993 CD DIS NET by Dissemination Network  
Texas' premier Tek-Know video scratch artists. "Guerilla media terrorism from the high-tech underground." No frontman, no guitars: let the media samples & scratches over loops do the talking... "It's about the Information." Public Enemy meets Front 242, online; music compared with Aeon, Consolidated, Meat Beat. Their DJ is our art director.)

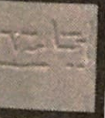

**MUSE-0040**  
\$7.00 65g  
Welcome To My World and a Half tape by Gretchen Phillips  
A powerful goddess singing about lesbian love, right-winged hypocrisy & public parks. You may remember her from Two Nice Girls. Check it out or die ignorant.



**MUSE-0050**  
\$7.00 65g  
Aqua Rodentia tape by Liquid Mice  
Experimental jazz from a fine blend of minds. Monkey Boy Records. See Mondo #11 for review.



**MUSE-0030**  
\$5.00 65g  
Flux Oersted tape by Robitron  
from the fringes of the electromagnetic field. Subversive, computer augmented songs recorded by robitron aka Flux Oersted.



**NTSC-0030**  
\$20.00 335g  
Alien Dreamtime by ROSE\*X Media House  
Tape of a live multimedia event in SF, 26-27 Feb 93. Designed to recreate a good trip, must-see for any true head. Can you say "aliens"? "visuals"? "singularity"? Terence McKenna speaks in tongues better than Robert Tilton, recounting the DMT elven/alien lingo, rapping his ethno-botanical theories "Archaic Revival", "Alien Love" & "Time Wave Zero" during a rave, with live video scratching by ROSE\*X, techno loops by Space Time Continuum and didgeridoo by Stephen Kent. 60 min.



**NTSC-0050**  
\$10.00 335g  
Grassroots Technoculture: The Robot Group by The Robot Group  
Included in this tape are examples of the Robot Group's formula for High-Tech fun in the Austin underground & a detailed look at the evolution of the cyberkinetic airships which have become the group's trademark.



**PLAY-0029**  
\$6.00 125g  
UFO playing cards "The Alien Deck" by EBE Inc.  
Standard playing cards - except the Jokers, King, Queen, & Jack of each suit are aliens. The rest of the cards have a flying saucer icon. The reverse features a starred background. Pass the hours until your abduction with a few games of solitaire.


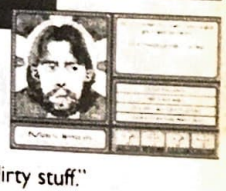
**PLAY-0052**  
\$19.95 75g  
Post-Modern Pin Ups Pleasure Activist Playing Cards by Gates of Heck  
Annie Sprinkle's 90s version of the 50s pin up girls playing cards - these feature some of the most (in)famous sexual activists. Each suit has it's own theme: Hearts are ecstatic activists; Diamonds are erotic entrepreneurs; Spades are pleasure artists; Clubs are sexual performers. These are quality oversized, full color printed. Entertaining, educational & totally post-modern.



**PLAY-0024**  
\$15.00 43g  
F\*CK 'EM by Lamprey Systems  
The only thing missing is 'U'. Requires Hypercard. Navigate your phallus thru an ever shifting maze of mother-in-laws, cops, & garden shears in attempt to 'score' with as many willing partners as you can 'come' across. A girlie pic gif appears at each screen change. As an added bonus, the game can instantly toggle into 'The Men's Sensitivity Stack' for protection against the prying eyes of curious co-workers. Fun for the whole family. From the caring, sensitive nurturer/creator of Mormonoids From the Deep & Macjesus.



**PLAY-0020**  
\$10.00 43g  
Macjesus Pro Gold by Lamprey Systems  
"Your personal Saviour on a floppy disk." Claims to help give you "an inside track when dealing with the Creator Of The Universe." An interactive mano-a-mano with that special avatar, for personal evaluation and advice. Based on Hypercard 1.2 - with special thanx to Miss Fifi LaRoue for "helping write the really dirty stuff."


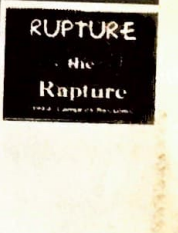
**PLAY-0022**  
\$13.00 185g  
MacSpudd! by Lamprey Systems  
In the closing days of the 20th century, a major portion of the world's oil reserves were accidentally destroyed during a limited nuclear exchange between South Yemen and Liechtenstein. Alas, a French firm named Herpes Simplex now converts potatoes into ethanol, giving rise to the wealth and relative danger of life in Celibate Idaho. Come on, be a hero... Mac. 2 disks.

**PLAY-0021**  
\$10.00 43g  
Mormonoids From The Deep by Lamprey Systems  
A 2 disk set for one of the best adventure games on the Mac, depending on your tastes: you have a .45, a nuclear detonator, a rapidly waning collection of beers as lifeblood and you're stuck in a small, socio-pathic Mormon town in northern Utah. What do you do next?

**PLAY-0025**  
\$15.00 43g  
Rapture the Rapture by Lamprey Systems  
"Spiritual Space Invaders" for the macintosh. Drive your converted VW Bug across the screen shooting christians as the ascend to heaven. Convert their plummeting souls to replenish your energy supply. From the creator of Macjesus & Mormonoids From the Deep.



PLAY-0013  
\$2.25  
48g

**Illuminati New World Order Booster Pack**  
by Steve Jackson Games

The popular Discordian conspiracy card game. These booster packs to add more cards to your deck. Each booster pack contains 16 cards. You will need a starter deck pack (if you want the rules, er, that is, playing guidelines).



PLAY-0023  
\$9.95  
165g

**Illuminati New World Order Starter Set**  
by Steve Jackson Games

The starter kit for the popular conspiracy game by Steve Jackson. Now in card form, the Starter Set contains 2 packs of 55 cards, enough for a 2 player game. Everything you always suspected is true. Fnord.



SKIN-0010  
\$15.00  
273g

**2600 t-shirt**  
by 2600 Magazine

White illo of the original Blue Box circuit diagram on black cotton cloth. XL size only. Captions sez: "This is what started it all..."



SKIN-0500  
\$12.00  
135g

**Groom Lake Hat**  
by Area 51 Research Center

Readers of the Area 51 Viewer's Guide will recognize the name Groom Lake where the USAF secret experimental test range is located. Black 'baseball' style cap with patch.



SKIN-0501  
\$8.00  
45g

**Groom Lake Patch**  
by Area 51 Research Center

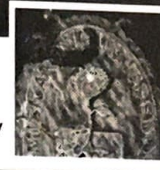
Readers of the Area 51 Viewer's Guide will recognize the name Groom Lake where the USAF secret experimental test range is located. 5x4 cm patch ideal for your flight jacket or other garment.



SKIN-0604  
\$15.95  
273g

**Miskatonic University Alumni Shirt**  
by Bold City Graphics

The school seal for Miskatonic University, as featured in H.P. Lovecraft's mythos. Ancient stone carving w/pentagram & school motto in Latin. "Ex ignorantia ad sapientiam e luce ad tenebras" embraced by tentacles. Black cotton, XL. Evil!



SKIN-0666  
\$18.00  
85g

**Miskatonic University Cap**  
by Bold City Graphics

Black & red or black & teal embroidered 'baseball' style cap with 'Miskatonic U' and upside down pentagram motif. Guaranteed to 'raise school spirits'.



SKIN-0665  
\$15.95  
273g

**Miskatonic University Shirt: Go Pods!**  
by Bold City Graphics

Not Typical University shirt with evil 'Pod' graphic, text reads "Miskatonic University Home of the Fighting Cephalopods". Black cotton, XL. Go Pods!



SKIN-2324  
\$14.00  
273g

**Alien Conqueror**  
by GAK ART

Readers of Fringe Ware Review & other zines will recognize this artist's work. White cotton shirt, size L only.



SKIN-2323  
\$14.00  
273g

**Mismeasure of Man**  
by GAK ART

Readers of Fringe Ware Review & other zines will recognize this artist's work. White cotton shirt, size XL.



SKIN-0030  
\$12.00  
273g

**DIS NET t-shirt**  
by Dissemination Network

Biohazard/radiation symbol with "This Is Information" slogan from Texas' premier Tek-Know™ muse/vid artists. Glow-in-the-dark on black cloth. XL size only. Designs may mutate over time.



SKIN-0039  
\$13.00  
273g

**FringeWare Shirt**  
by FringeWare, Inc.

XL size, white cloth. B&W 1950's TV with "FringeWare" inside it, below the text reads "because your television doesn't love you anymore", on the reverse the arrows of chaos with the FringeWare 1/e equation. Each shirt has a hand silkscreened finishing splash of color on it. Pay us money & advertise our magazine for us. Thank you.



SKIN-0888  
\$15.00  
273g

**Robot Group T Shirt**  
by The Robot Group

The official T Shirt for RoboFest #6. Black w/Glow in the Dark ink, 2 sided. Size XL.



SKIN-0140  
\$15.00  
273g

**2Fresh T-Shirt (White)**  
by The Computer Lab

A creature 'reminiscent' of the Pillsbury Doughboy wearing VR gear standing above the text: "2Fresh was the best interface doughboy who ever ran the earth's computer matrix. Then he hot crossed the wrong people." You may recognize the text of Neuromancer somewhere in that. White on black, size XL only.



SKIN-0080  
\$15.00  
273g

**PIECE t-shirt**  
by GLOD

"PIECE...be with you." Detroit piece-symbols. Ammo not included. White on black cotton. XL size only. "Everything that has to be done has already happened..in the meantime we're just experiencing the sensational unfolding of these events that have been encoded in our DNA memory." GOD + GOLD = GLOD.



SKIN-0070  
\$15.00  
273g

**Legion Of Doom t-shirt**  
by Phrack Magazine

The famed LOD "Internet World Tour" shirt returns, with "Hacking For Jesus '91" on the back. Black on white cotton. XL size only.



SKIN-0303  
\$17.00  
273g

**Rotor T-Shirt: Autobahn**  
by Rotor Clothing

We have been told that the age of information is here. Celebrate with this Japanese Autobahn graphic, a mix of kanji & english on periwinkle cloth. Translates as "dangerous hairpin curve". Size XL. By Rotor, of course.



SKIN-0304  
\$17.00  
273g

**Rotor T-Shirt: Bolshevik**  
by Rotor Clothing

English, Japanese & Russian text extolling cyberpunk, with the classic Rotor 'screaming man' pic. Electric blue or burgundy cloth, size XL. Designed by the Rotor collective.





SKIN-0302  
\$17.00  
273g



**Rotor T-Shirt: Musclehead**  
by Rotor Clothing

On the reverse, an amazing grey scale skinless face with red circuitry pattern in background, evocative of the future of cyberorganic entities. We are Borg, er, uh, Rotor. Black, size XL only.



SKIN-0801  
\$14.00  
273g



**TMCM B&W 'Japanese Bootleg' Shirt**  
by Shannon Wheeler

Austin cartoonist Shannon Wheeler has gained national recognition with his Too Much Coffee Man comic books & a national Converse television ad. Japanese Bootleg TMCM graphic on a honey colored cotton shirt. Size L & XL.



SKIN-0300  
\$17.00  
273g



**Rotor T-Shirt: VR Sex Repair Man**  
by Rotor Clothing

Cute anime style japanese VR sex repair service man with engli & japlish text. The english text reads: "24 hour service, We Come When You Can't." On clover cloth, size XL. Humbly presented to you by the honorable designers at Rotor.



SKIN-0802  
\$14.00  
273g



**TMCM Color 'Japanese Bootleg' Shirt**  
by Shannon Wheeler

Austin cartoonist Shannon Wheeler has gained national recognition with his Too Much Coffee Man comic books & a national Converse television ad. Color 'Japanese Bootleg' TMCM graphic on a white cotton shirt. Size XL only.



SKIN-0216  
\$15.00  
273g



**9mm Madman**  
by Terror Worldwide

A 9mm pistol graphic with Headline '9mm Madman' surrounded by text from newspaper account of a violent act. Black cotton, XL.



SKIN-0201  
\$15.00  
273g



**Bukowski T-Shirt**  
by Terror Worldwide

Multi-colored screen print with Charles Bukowski surrounded by sex ads & liquor labels. White cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide.



SKIN-0202  
\$15.00  
273g

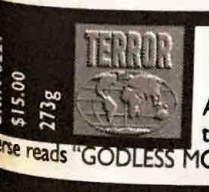


**Burroughs w/Gun T-Shirt**  
by Terror Worldwide

Bill Burroughs, doing what he likes best, pointing a gun. Multi-colored screen print, white Cotton, size XL.



SKIN-0221  
\$15.00  
273g

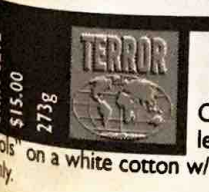


**Everything Is For Sale**  
by Terror Worldwide

A distorted portrait of a crucified Christ, text reads "Everything is for sale". Reverse reads "GODLESS MOTHER FUCKER". Black Cotton, XL.



SKIN-0212  
\$15.00  
273g



**Kill Your Idols (\$\$\$)**  
by Terror Worldwide

Close up of \$1 dollar bill with a pupil-less G. Washington, w/text "Kill Your Idols" on a white cotton w/ multi-colored screen print, size XL.



SKIN-0218  
\$15.00  
273g

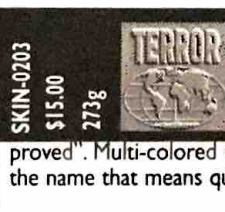


**CULTURE (Elvis)**  
by Terror Worldwide

Elvis & President Nixon posing for the camera, a truly pivotal moment in US history.



SKIN-0203  
\$15.00  
273g

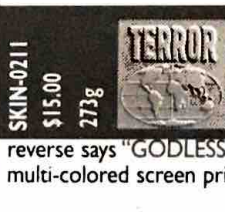


**Kid Tested, Mother Approved T-Shirt**  
by Terror Worldwide

The Terror logo, an AK-47 surrounded by the slogan "Kid tested, Mother Approved". Multi-colored screen print, white cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide.



SKIN-0211  
\$15.00  
273g



**Kill Your Idols (Religion)**  
by Terror Worldwide

Close up portrait of everyone's favorite crucified guy w/text "Kill Your Idols". The reverse says "GODLESS MOTHER FUCKER". White cotton w/ multi-colored screen print, size XL only.



SKIN-0213  
\$15.00  
273g

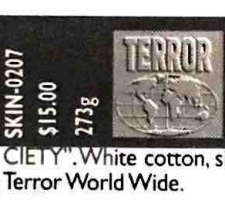


**Know Your Enemy**  
by Terror Worldwide

A Classic 'Uncle Sam' surrounded by Asian text, English text reads "Know Your Enemy". White cotton w/ multi-colored screen print, size XL only.



SKIN-0207  
\$15.00  
273g

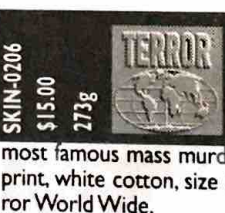


**I Blame Society T-Shirt**  
by Terror Worldwide

B&W screen print of hands gripping a .38 special, the text reads "I BLAME SOCIETY". White cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide.



SKIN-0206  
\$15.00  
273g

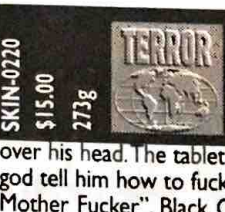


**Manson T-Shirt**  
by Terror Worldwide

Everyone's favorite criminal larger than life, text reads: "Charles Manson the most famous mass murderer in history". Multi-colored screen print, white cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide.



SKIN-0220  
\$15.00  
273g



**Never Trust**  
by Terror Worldwide

An altered portrait of Charlton Heston as 'Moses' lifting a commandment tablet over his head. The tablet now reads "Never trust a man who lets a god tell him how to fuck". The reverse proudly proclaims "Godless Mother Fuckers". Black Cotton, XL.



SKIN-0205  
\$15.00  
273g



**Prayer Wheels T-Shirt**  
by Terror Worldwide

Prayer wheel of hand guns surrounding the arabic text, back of shirt reads Terror World Wide. Silver screen print on black cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide.





SKIN-0219  
\$15.00  
273g



**Question Authority**  
by Terror Worldwide

A Happy Clown with an assault rifle.  
Enough said. Black Cotton.



SKIN-0215  
\$15.00  
273g



**Satan is Love**  
by Terror Worldwide

Cute puppy print with 70's trippy font,  
proclaiming 'Satan is Love'. Reverse says  
'GODLESS MOTHER FUCKER'. Black Cotton, XL.



SKIN-0217  
\$15.00  
273g



**Sell Your Soul**  
by Terror Worldwide

Consumer's delight, an eager vacant-eyed  
lad clutching a fistful of dollars. Caps  
scream "SELL YOUR SOUL"



SKIN-0204  
\$15.00  
273g



**Sleep TV T-Shirt**  
by Terror Worldwide

Television tuned to a dead channel, the  
text reads 'SLEEP'. Reverse says 'KILL  
YOUR TV'. B&W screen print, dark blue cotton, size XL. From the  
name that means quality, Terror World Wide.



SKIN-0208  
\$15.00  
273g



**Surf & Destroy**  
by Terror Worldwide

Militant youth brandishing a handgun,  
surrounded by the text "Surf and De-  
stroy" in 'punk' style cut out lettering. XL, Black cloth, silver ink.



SKIN-0222  
\$15.00  
273g



**TERROR Uber Alles**  
by Terror Worldwide

A pair of skulls topped by the text "TER-  
ROR UBER ALLES". Please note that the  
actual text does include the umlaut. Black cotton, XL.



SKIN-0209  
\$15.00  
273g



**Terror Crew T-Shirt**  
by Terror Worldwide

3 skulls with 'execution' style bullet holes  
surrounded by X large 'TERROR  
CREW' text. Neon blood splatters complete the effect. Ask about  
our group discount for these... Black Cloth, XL.



SKIN-0214  
\$15.00  
273g



**Terror! (like we care)**  
by Terror Worldwide

A .38 special surrounded by cut out let-  
tering text reading "Terror!" & smaller  
text "Like We Care". Black cotton, XL, white ink.



SKIN-0200  
\$15.00  
273g



**Wm. S. Burroughs (w/ Hat)**  
by Terror Worldwide

William S. Burroughs wearing a hat & tie  
surrounded by his own text. Multi-col-  
ored screen print, white cotton, size XL. From the name that  
means quality, Terror World Wide.



SKIN-0210  
\$15.00  
273g



**William S. Burroughs (Fish Eye)**  
by Terror Worldwide

William S. Burroughs surrounded by his  
own text on a white cotton w/ multi-col-  
ored screen print, size XL only. This portrait is taken with a fish eye  
lens for maximum visual effect.



SKIN-0510  
\$17.00  
118g



**'Bob' Dobbs Boxers (L)**  
by Church of the SubGenius

White cotton cloth with the classic half  
toned 'Bob' Dobbs pattern, but when  
you turn off the light, beware, Ngh, the 'Anti-Bob' glows with sinis-  
ter glee. Size M or L. The official SubGenius temple garment.



SKIN-0515  
\$17.00  
135g



**'Bob' Hat**  
by Church of the SubGenius

'Baseball' style slack hat, with a full color  
embroidered 'Bob' face. Stand out from  
the Normals with this black cotton cap.



CHEM-0500  
\$8.00  
315g



**'Bob' Mug**  
by Church of the SubGenius

'Bob' Dobbs greets you with his classic  
grin. Enjoy your favorite beverage in  
comfort as X-Day comes to your door. White porcelain, B&W  
graphic.

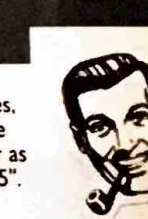


MEME-0023  
\$3.00  
25g



**'Bob' magnet**  
by Church of the SubGenius

This incredible device is designed to  
magnetically adhere to metallic surfaces,  
utilizing the inherent qualities of the substance of it's manufacture  
and the properties of the target object. Not hazardous, however as  
always avoid long term exposure. Black & white image, 1" by 1.75".

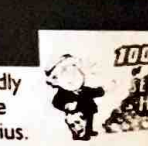


SKIN-0516  
\$13.00  
273g



**100's of Severed Heads**  
by Church of the SubGenius

A 50's clip art style skull farmer proudly  
shows off his harvest. Ash cotton, size  
XL only. From the people who care, the Church of the SubGenius.

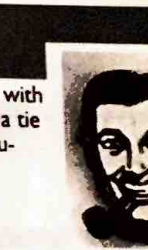


WEAR-2323  
\$9.00  
23g



**Bob Cloisonne Pin**  
by Church of the SubGenius

2 cm high, color enameled metal pin with  
'Bob' Dobbs grinning face. Great as a tie  
tack or lapel pin. Invoke chaos with this subtle decorative instru-  
ment.

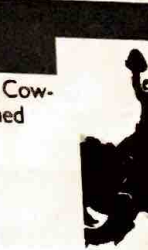


SKIN-0513  
\$17.00  
273g



**Cowboy 'Bob'**  
by Church of the SubGenius

Perched atop a Tyrannosaurus Rex, Cow-  
boy 'Bob' rides with style. Unbleached  
'natural' cotton, size XL. Yet another SubGenius product.

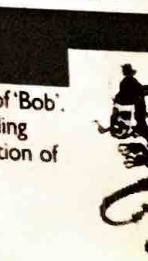


SKIN-0514  
\$17.00  
273g



**Cybersaurus Dobsii**  
by Church of the SubGenius

A robotic dinosaur with the face of 'Bob'.  
From the manipulator arm extending  
from his pipe, to the mechanized sneakers, this is an incarnation of  
'Bob' to be reckoned with. On ash cotton cloth, size XL.





WEAR-05XX

\$(see)

57g



## Bondage Jewelry by Bobe\*Link

Designs by performance artist René Cigler. "Her sculptures... do have definite



characteristics of that morbid, necrophile, apocalyptic style which we know from Giger... reminiscent of Mad Max, postnuclear science fiction or cyberpunk" lauds <<O>> magazine. Featured by FAD, Mondo 2000, MTV, LOLLAPALOOZA and cover of bOING-bOING #11. Many more designs available, including body armor, neck pieces & other wire/rubber/gizmo jewelry... WEAR-0533: Bar Pin Pig Dangler, \$25 • WEAR-0569: Bondage Baby Pin, \$12 • WEAR-0573: Bondage Hand Dangers earrings, \$15 • WEAR-0572: Bondage Pigs earrings, \$15 • WEAR-0564: Double Hand/Nail Pendant, \$25 • WEAR-0565: Hand/Screw Dangler Pendant, \$20 • WEAR-0570: Hand/Screw Pin, \$12 • WEAR-0563: Triple Bondage Baby Pendant, \$25 • WEAR-0566: Wicked Hand Dangle Pendant, \$20 • WEAR-0568: Wicked Hand Pin, \$12

GZMO-1984

\$375.00

1900g



## GPS 40 Global Positioning Satellite Unit

The GPS 40 is a compact, weatherproof piece of satellite navigation unit that can



mark up to 250 landmarks, and as many as 30 points to make custom routes, using the same technology that the military has been relying on for years. The GPS 40 provides graphic steering every step of the way with 4 easy to read screens (position, navigation, satellite status, & route) with accuracy to within 49 feet. The memory stores 250 waypoints on up to 20 routes. A moving map plotter lets you zoom in & out & pan to other locations. It even records your movements right on the screen. Designed for simple 1 thumb operation, it has a 20 hour life on 4 AA batteries. It has 4 modes of operation - Normal, Battery Saver, Simulator, & Autolocate Trip Planning. The GPS 40 is also IBM compatible (286 or faster) which enables you to download maps and enter landmark names via your keyboard. Includes PC interface kit & instructional video.

SKIN-0512

\$17.00

273g



## Good 'Bob' / Bad 'Bob' Shirt by Church of the SubGenius

The ultimate SubGenius shirt, two sided, the front features 'Bob' himself, with a



detailed alchemical border & a blue background, the back features Ngh, the 'Anti-Bob' in his green scaled glory, with a red background. White cotton, size XL. Not for the timid. A product of the Church of SubGenius.

GZMO-1411

\$9.95

1360g



## Universal Hacker Tool

These handy pocket pliers have 11 functions, pliers, wire cutters, 3 screw drivers, awl, file, bottle opener & knife blade... the only tool you'll need to access information in a non-traditional manner...



WEAR-0900

\$129.98

1800g



## Alien Face Hugger Kit, "Life Size" by Halcyon

PVC 1:1 Scale model of the Face Hugger from the Alien movies, ready to wear after assembly & painting. At 6 feet long, this is the ideal accessory for any occasion.



SKIN-0318  
\$170.00  
1650g



**Rotor Clothing: Quilted Assault Robe**  
by Rotor

Rotor's Quilted Assault Robe is an oversized 3/4 length coat with heavy duty safety clasps & plenty of room for storage. A truly postmodern product.



SKIN-0312  
\$20.00  
273g



**RotorHeavy Shirt: Human Diskdrive**  
by Rotor

The new Rotor clothing line of designs for women. Floppy disk image being inserted into your chest disk drive slot. Cotton/Lycra girl's baby t. Specify colour: Circuit Green or Sodium Vapor Orange.



SKIN-0306  
\$20.00  
273g



**RotorHeavy Shirt: JapLogo**  
by Rotor

Rotor clothing line of designs for JapLogo features heavy-duty Kanji coolness. Specify Spandex (available in Moss Green or Grey) or Cotton/Lycra girl's baby t with duotone sleeves. Specify colour: Circuit Green, Dead Channel Grey, or Sodium Vapor Orange.



SKIN-0313  
\$20.00  
273g



**RotorHeavy Shirt: Elephant Girel**  
by Rotor

The new Rotor clothing line of designs for women. This design features another Kanji morphic design with english text. Cotton/Lycra girl's baby t with duotone sleeves. Specify colour: Circuit Green, Dead Channel Grey, or Sodium Vapor Orange.



SKIN-0311  
\$20.00  
273g



**RotorHeavy Shirt: BundesRotor**  
by Rotor

Rotor clothing line of designs for design is reminiscent of the German 'Bundeswehr' icon with the eagle perched atop the Rotor icon. Cotton/Lycra girl's baby t. Specify colour: Circuit Green, Dead Channel Grey.



SKIN-0305  
\$17.00  
273g



**Rotor T-Shirt: MA-17**  
by Rotor

Gamers will recognize this warning from some of their favorite violent video games, now you can display your anti social tendencies with pride. Circuit Green cotton, XL.



SKIN-0308  
\$20.00  
273g



**RotorHeavy Shirt: Engineer ID (EID)**  
by Rotor

The new Rotor clothing line of designs for women. Use EID to set yourself apart to help show your true nature. Cotton/Lycra girl's baby t. Specify colour: Dead Channel Grey, or Tantanium (tan).



SKIN-0314  
\$20.00  
273g



**RotorHeavy Shirt: X-Rated Jap Poster**  
by Rotor

The new Rotor clothing line of designs for women. Japanese 18+ Warning Icon. Cotton/Lycra girl's baby t. Specify colour: Dead Channel Grey or ICE Black.



SKIN-0309  
\$20.00  
273g



**RotorHeavy Shirt: Rotor Icon**  
by Rotor

Rotor clothing line of designs for simple 'R' in iconized cam graphic.

Specify Spandex (avail. colours Dead Channel Grey or Sodium Vapor Orange), or Cotton/Lycra girl's baby t with duotone sleeves. Specify colour: Circuit Green, ICE Black, or Sodium Vapor Orange.

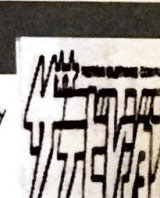


SKIN-0315  
\$30.00  
296g



**RotorHeavy Dress: JapLogo**  
by Rotor

The new Rotor clothing line of designs for women. JapLogo features heavy-duty Kanji coolness. Cotton/Lycra girl's babydoll dress Specify colour: Circuit Green, Dead Channel Grey, or Sodium Vapor Orange.



SKIN-0310  
\$20.00  
273g



**RotorHeavy Shirt: Cyborg Development**  
by Rotor

The new Rotor clothing line of designs for women. Cyborg Development features the Cotton/Lycra girl's baby t. Specify colour: Circuit Green, Dead Channel Grey, or Sodium Vapor Orange.



SKIN-0316  
\$30.00  
296g



**RotorHeavy Dress: RHLogo**  
by Rotor

The new Rotor clothing line of designs for women. JapLogo features heavy-duty Kanji coolness. Specify Spandex or Cotton/Lycra girl's babydoll dress Specify colour: ICE Black or Fluorescent Orange.



SKIN-0307  
\$20.00  
273g



**RotorHeavy Shirt: RHLogo**  
by Rotor

The new Rotor clothing line of designs for women. RHLogo has plenty of pout packed into the text logo. Specify Spandex (available in ICE Black or Dead Channel Grey), or Cotton/Lycra girl's baby t with duotone sleeves. Specify colour: Circuit Green, Dead Channel Grey, or Sodium Vapor Orange.



SKIN-0317  
\$225.00  
1850g



**Rotor Clothing: Speed Jacket**  
by Rotor

This rubberized fabric jacket protects better than leather with twice the attitude. Front loading button down design with rear safety harness.





# The FRINGEWARE

**STEREO**  
**CDS 7 464423**  
**(DISC 2)**  
**(CDP 7 46441 2)**

DIDX 1969  
UK: CD-PCS 2012/9

**Berfday: Your Blues: Mother Nature's Boy:**

**Everybody's Got Something to Sell Except Me and My Monkey:**

**Sexy Saddle: Helter Stoopid: Really, Long, Long: Revolution Nike: Hair Pie: Sovoy Tribble:**

**Cry Baby: REVOLUTION NINE: Sleep Tight:**

1995 Original Sound Recording made by FWR Records Ltd.  
1995 FWR Records Ltd.



Issue 9 respectfully dedicated to Guy DeBord & Charles Bukowski, never to rest in peace.





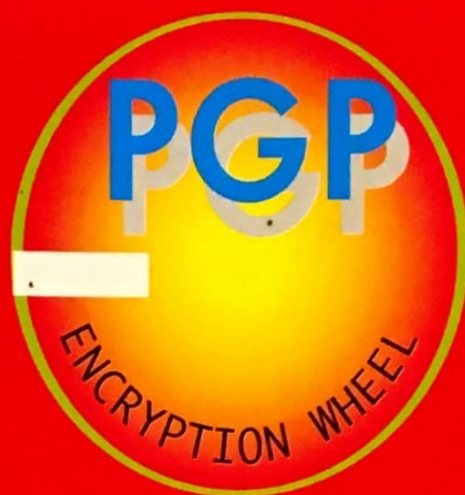
THIS IS IT!

This Amazing device uses PGP® Style technology in a simple 'ring buffer' format. For years the National Security Agency has been monitoring the private communication of individuals worldwide...

NOW YOU CAN FIGHT BACK!

Use our PGP wheel & techniques to defeat the NSA - Everything you need is right here.

THIS SPACE LEFT  
INTENTIONALLY UNENCRYPTED.



#### Instructions for Assembly & Use

- 1) Do not photocopy this page. For additional encryption wheels, purchase several copies of this publication. Your privacy depends on it.
- 2) Using scissors, neatly cut out the two wheels.
- 3) Cut out the white view port (this is important!)
- 4) Find a brad. (If you have a corporate job, steal one from the supply room, however all Government employees must requisition our own Tessier-Ashpool Industries part # 104-ZX-7A, \$6.23 post paid to po box 49306, austex 78765 5) Use the brad to puncture the center of each 'wheel'. Attach the two 'wheels' to one another, with the left one on top. Bend the brad to secure them.
- 6) You have now assembled your encryption wheel. Congratulations.
- 7) Encrypt messages in the following manner:
  - a) Choose either 'alpha' or 'beta' as your 'public key' (this is important, the one you chose becomes your encryption standard)
  - b) If your public key is 'alpha', substitute each letter with the corresponding number from the top row, for 'beta' use the lower row. Separate each encrypted character with a '-' to avoid confusion.
  - c) After you have encrypted your message, allow the recipient to know your public key. The emerging standard is "Begin PGP message 'BETA' :", followed by your encrypted message.
  - d) Enjoy the freedom that TOTAL privacy brings!

## 5 Simple Ways To Beat The NSA besides using our device...

- 1) Type all your messages in alternating capitalization (If other words, USE em's)
- 2) Send lots of messages that appear to be encrypted but actually are just garbled nonsense.
- 3) Insert random numbers into the text of your messages "How are you (57) doing?"
- 4) Mark "TOP SECRET" the subject heading of every message you send
- 5) Send messages in "Big Letter" - "Kupereay kupay ukay"

Tessier-Ashpool Industries  
P O B 49306, Austin, Tx 78765 USA